



LEGION OF
SUPER-HEROES

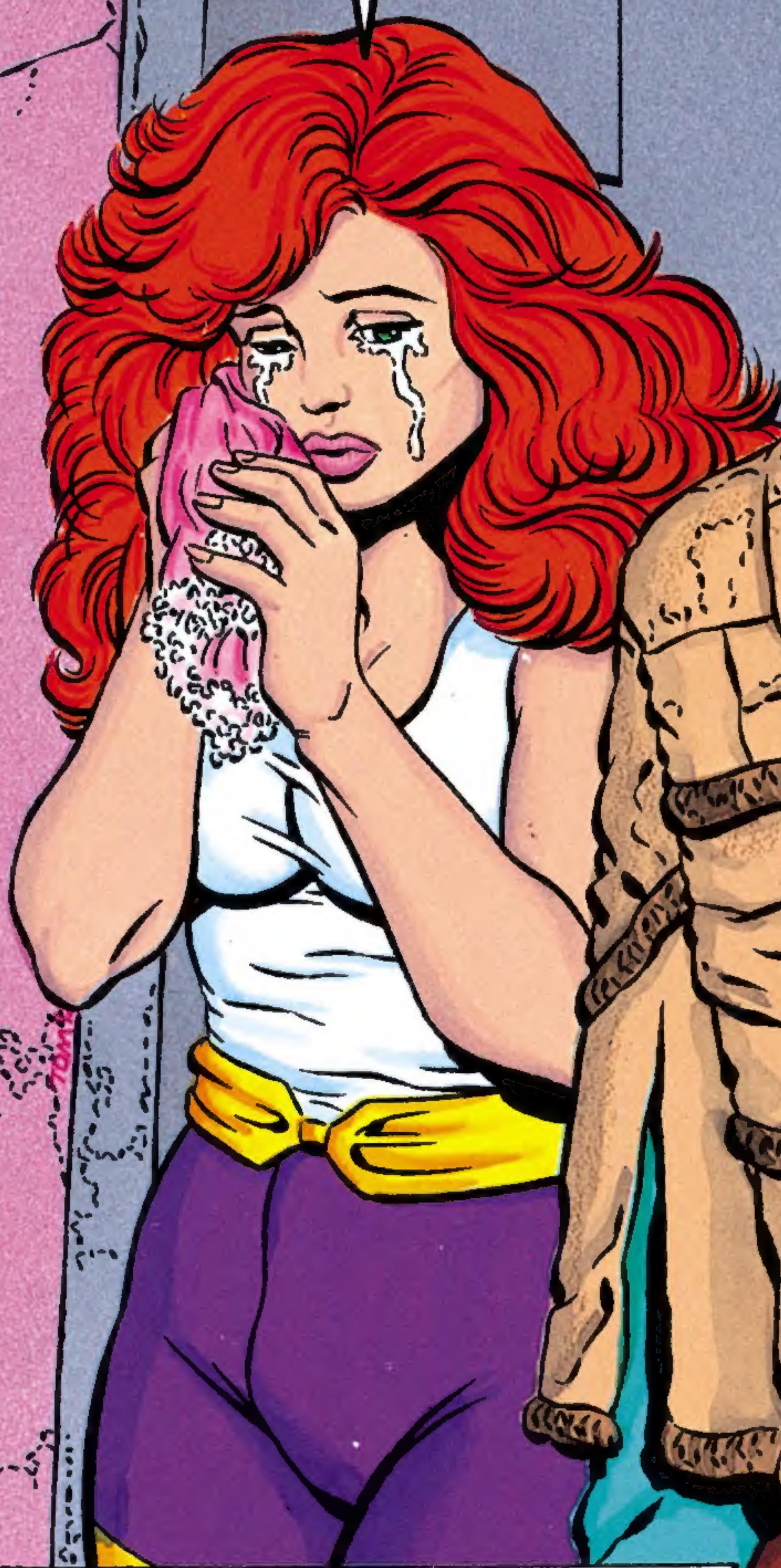
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Young *Legion* OF SUPER-HEROES®

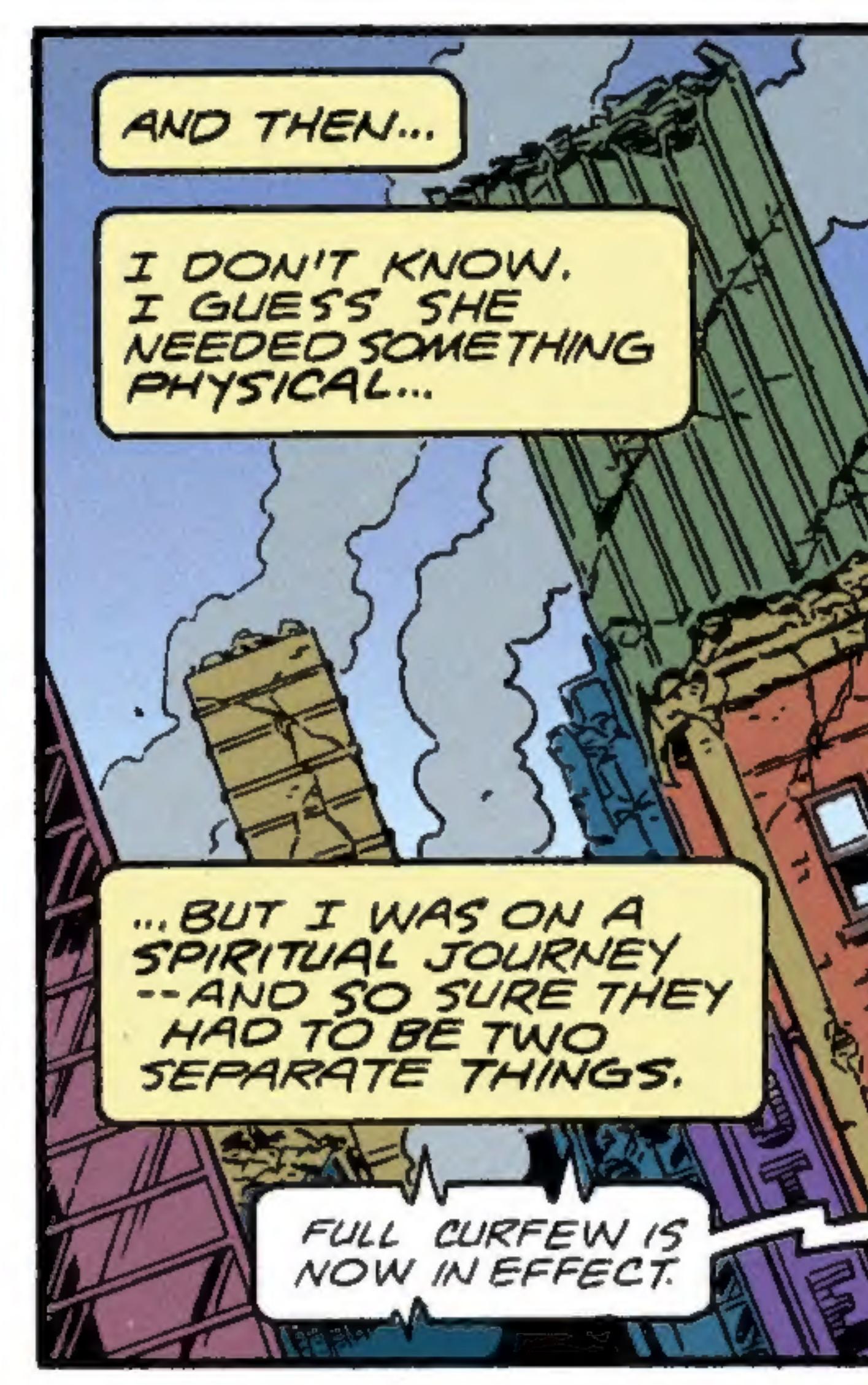
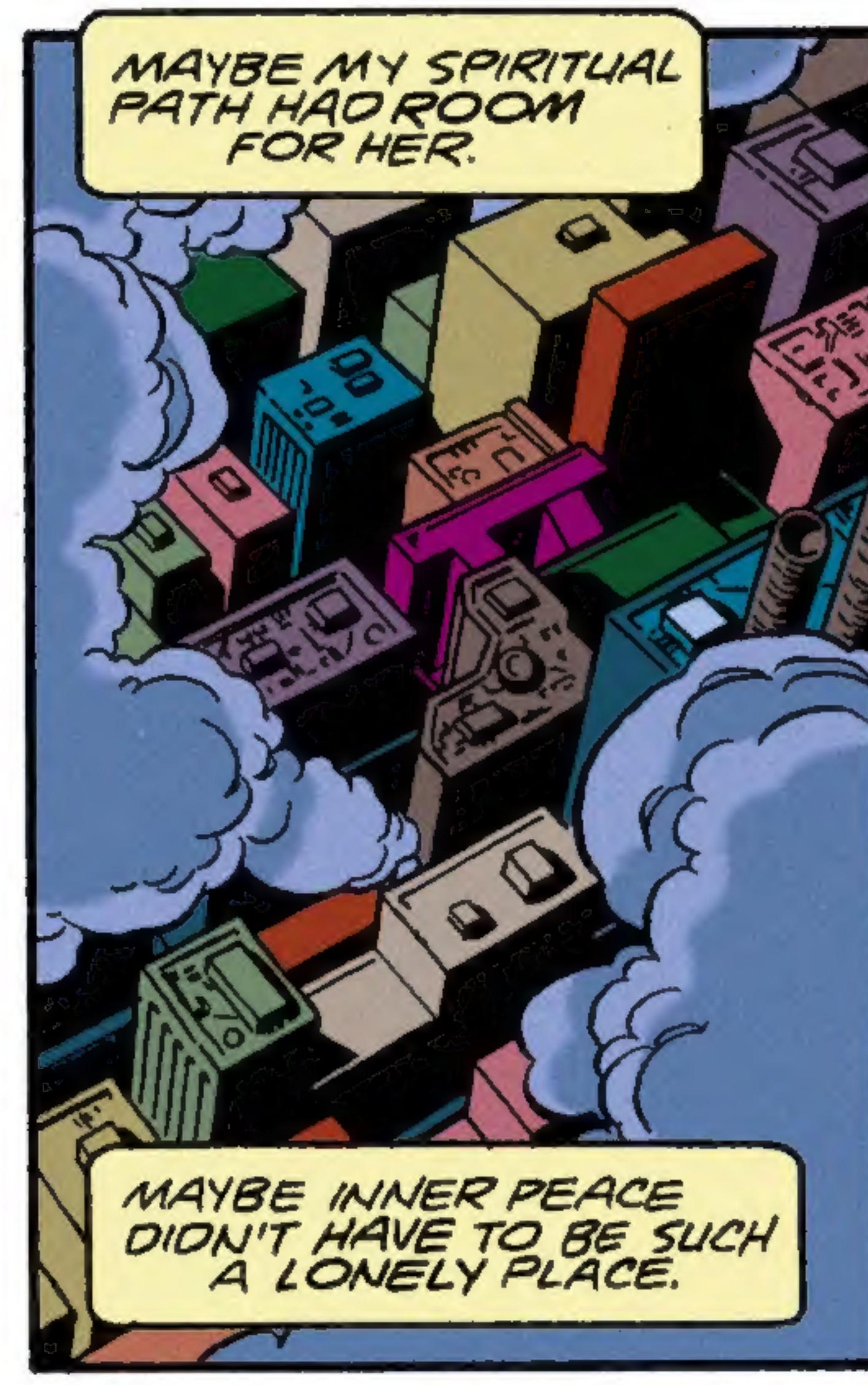
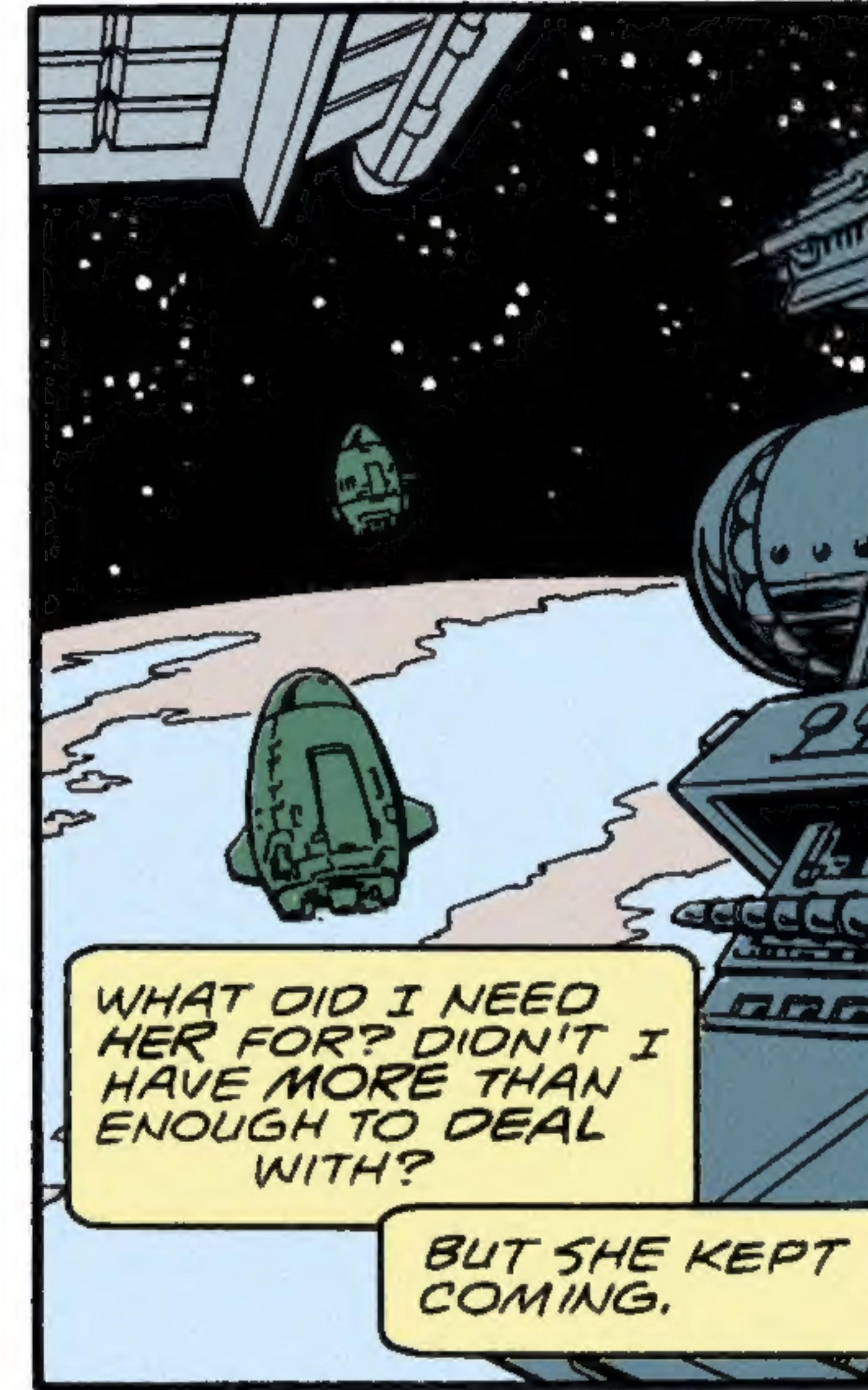
Romance

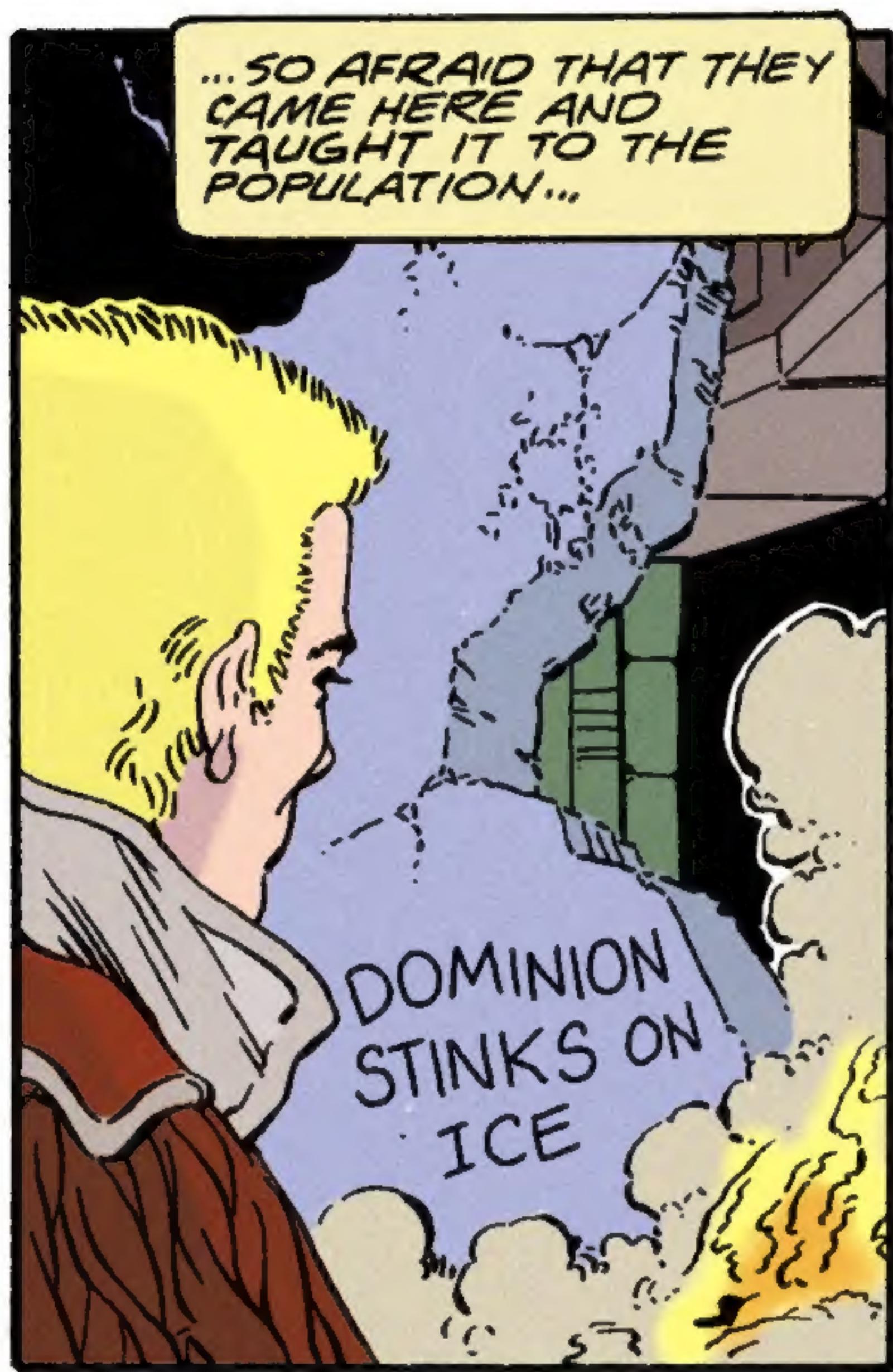
GIFFEN
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KESEL

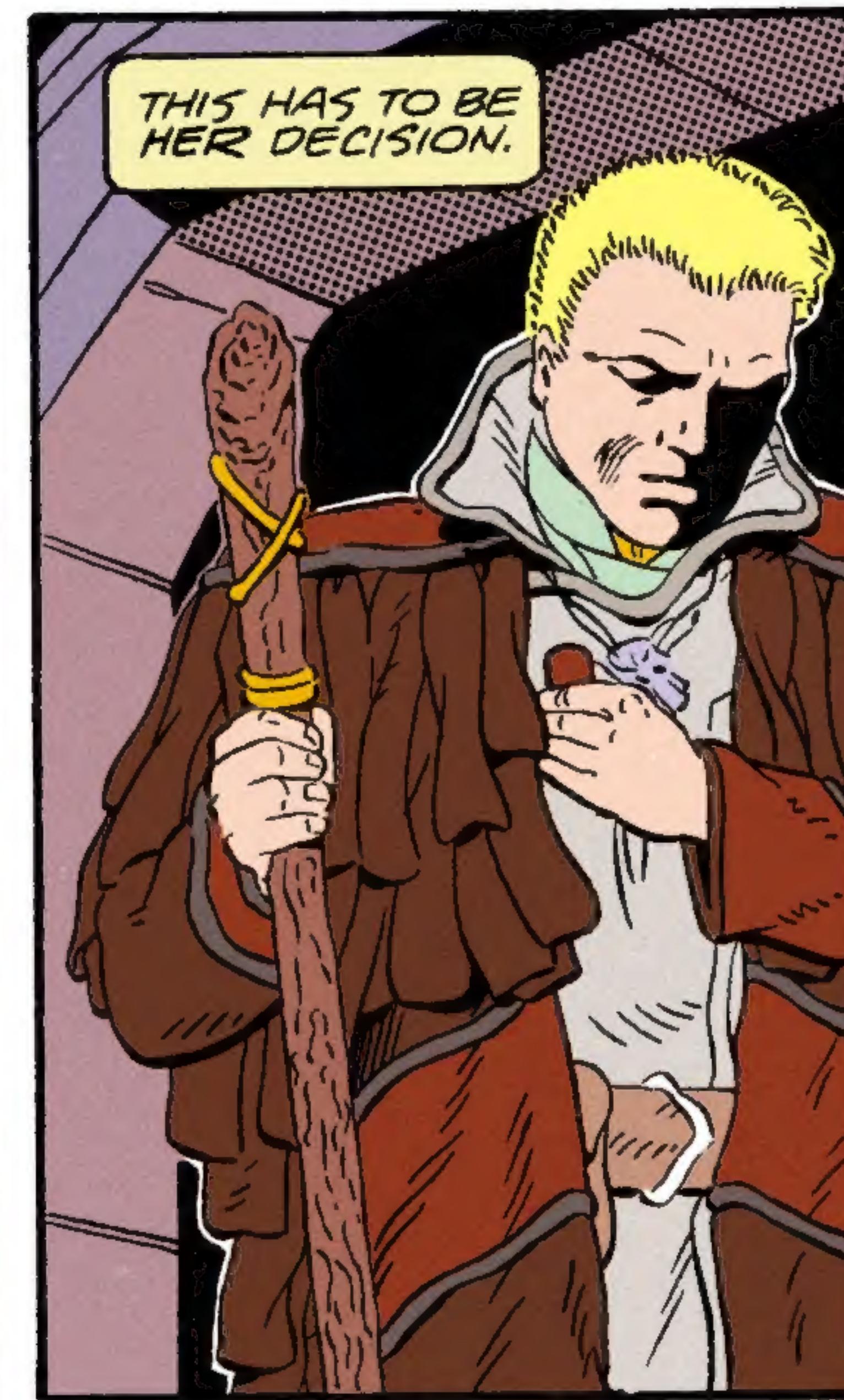
choke! HE
SPENDS SO MUCH TIME
SAVING THE WORLD...WHEN
WILL HE FIND TIME FOR
ME?

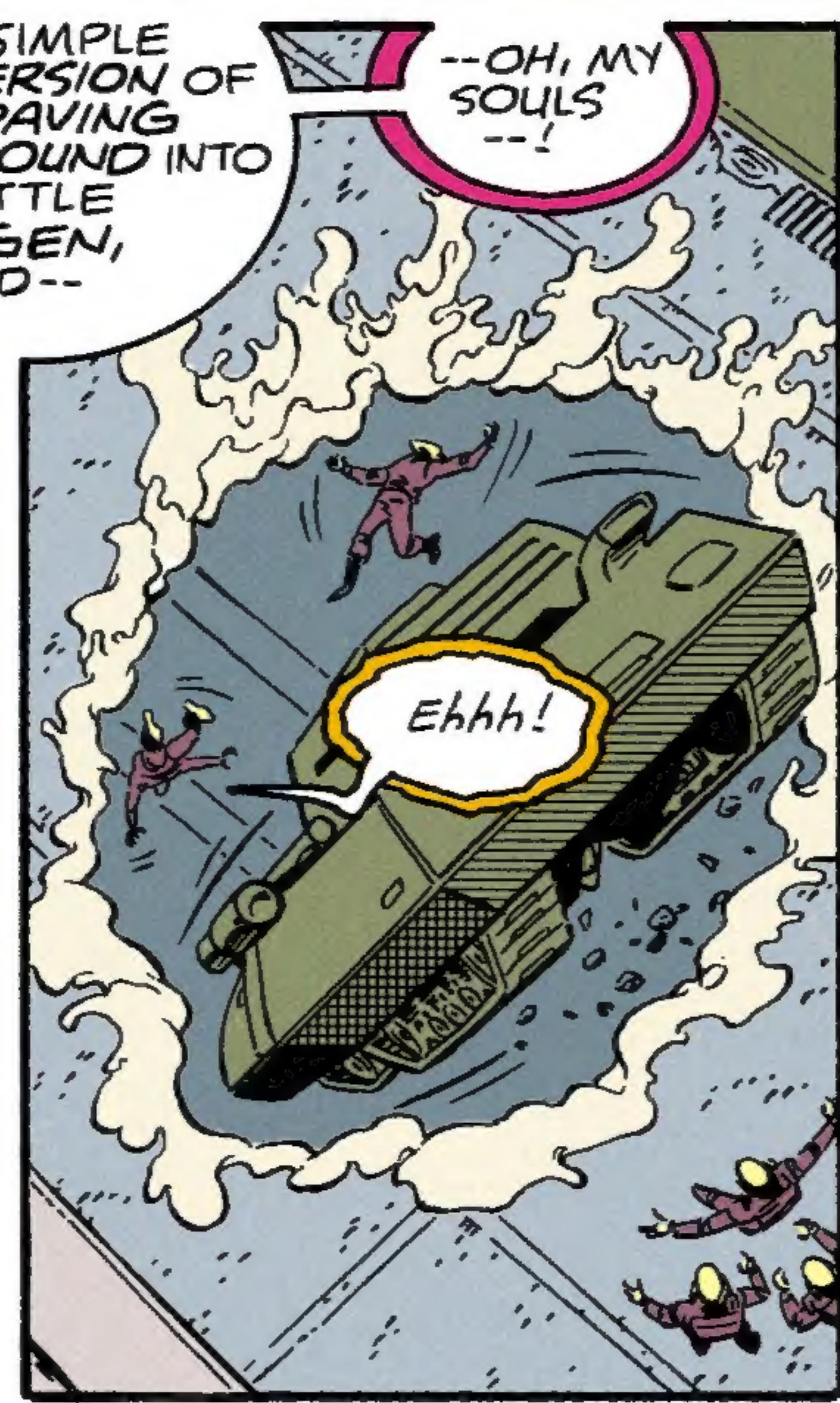
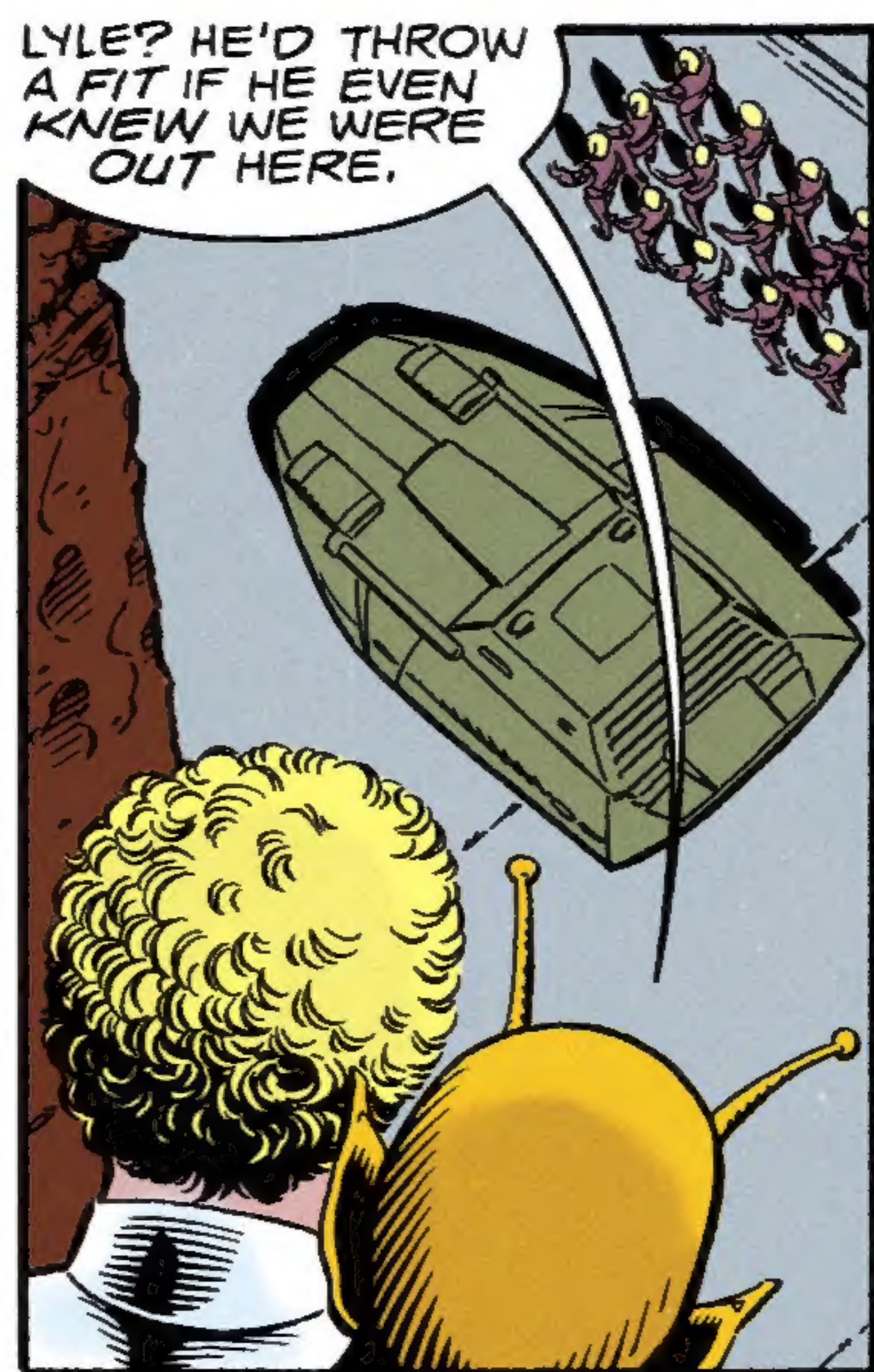
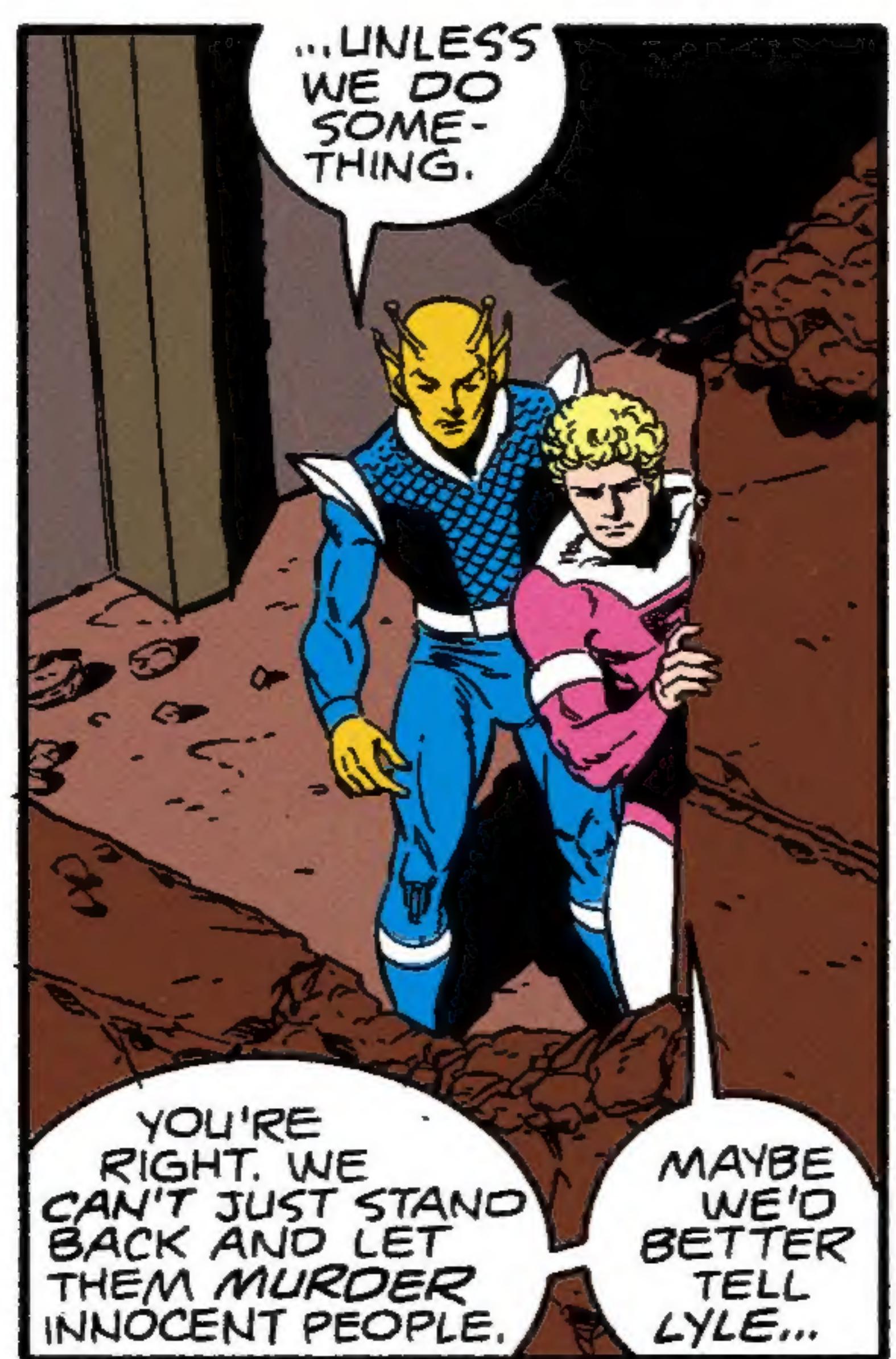


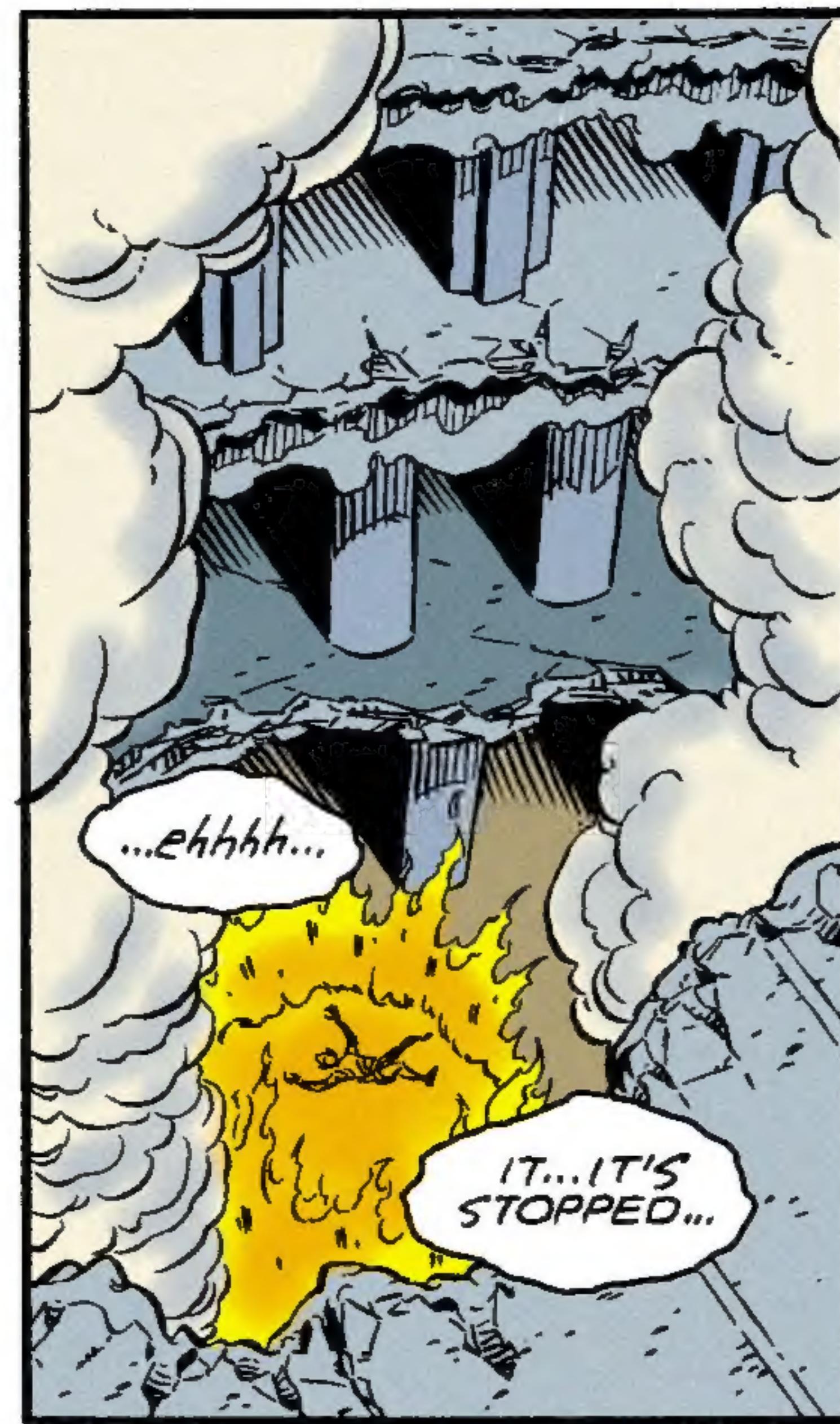
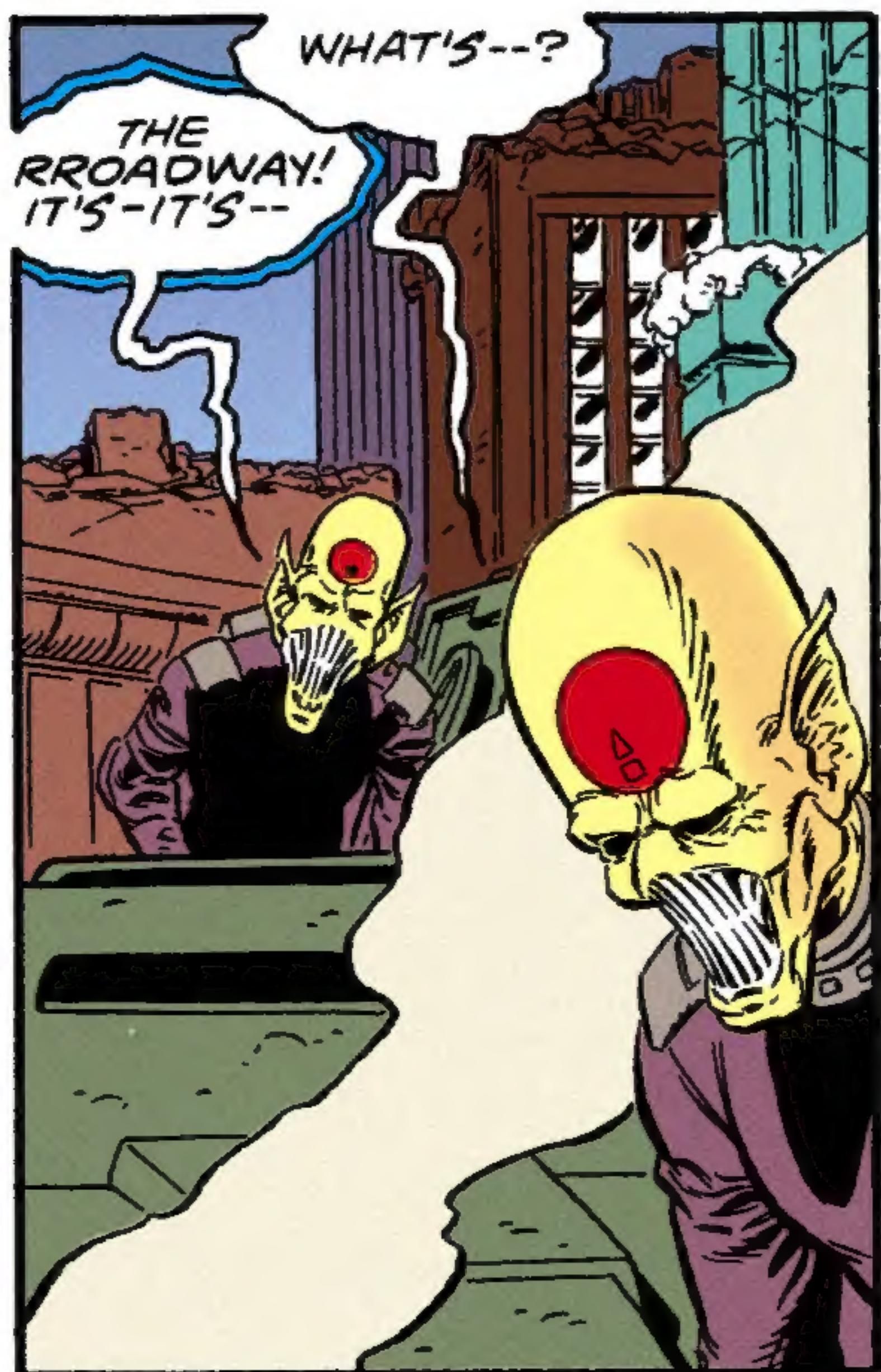
Young
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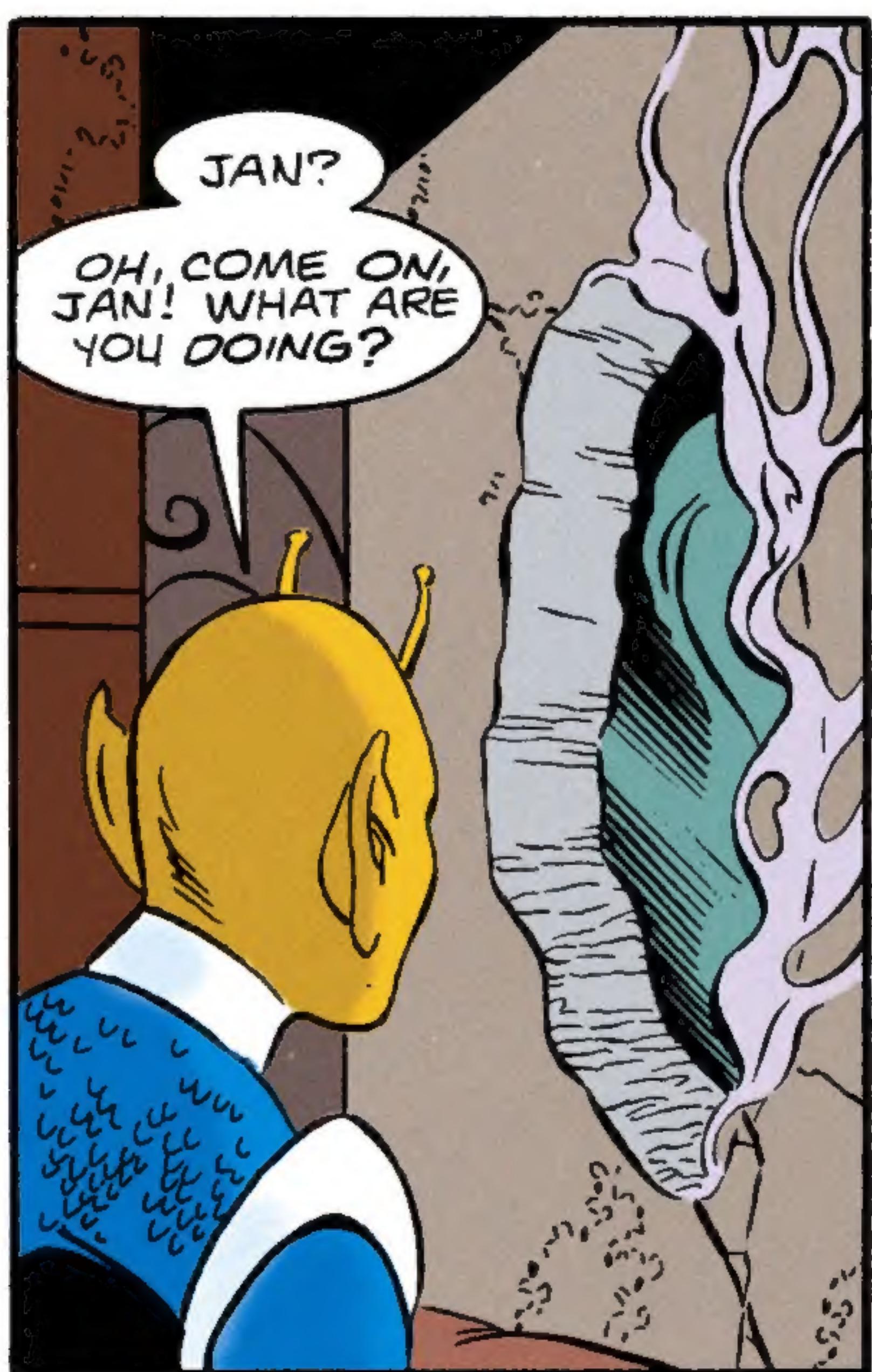
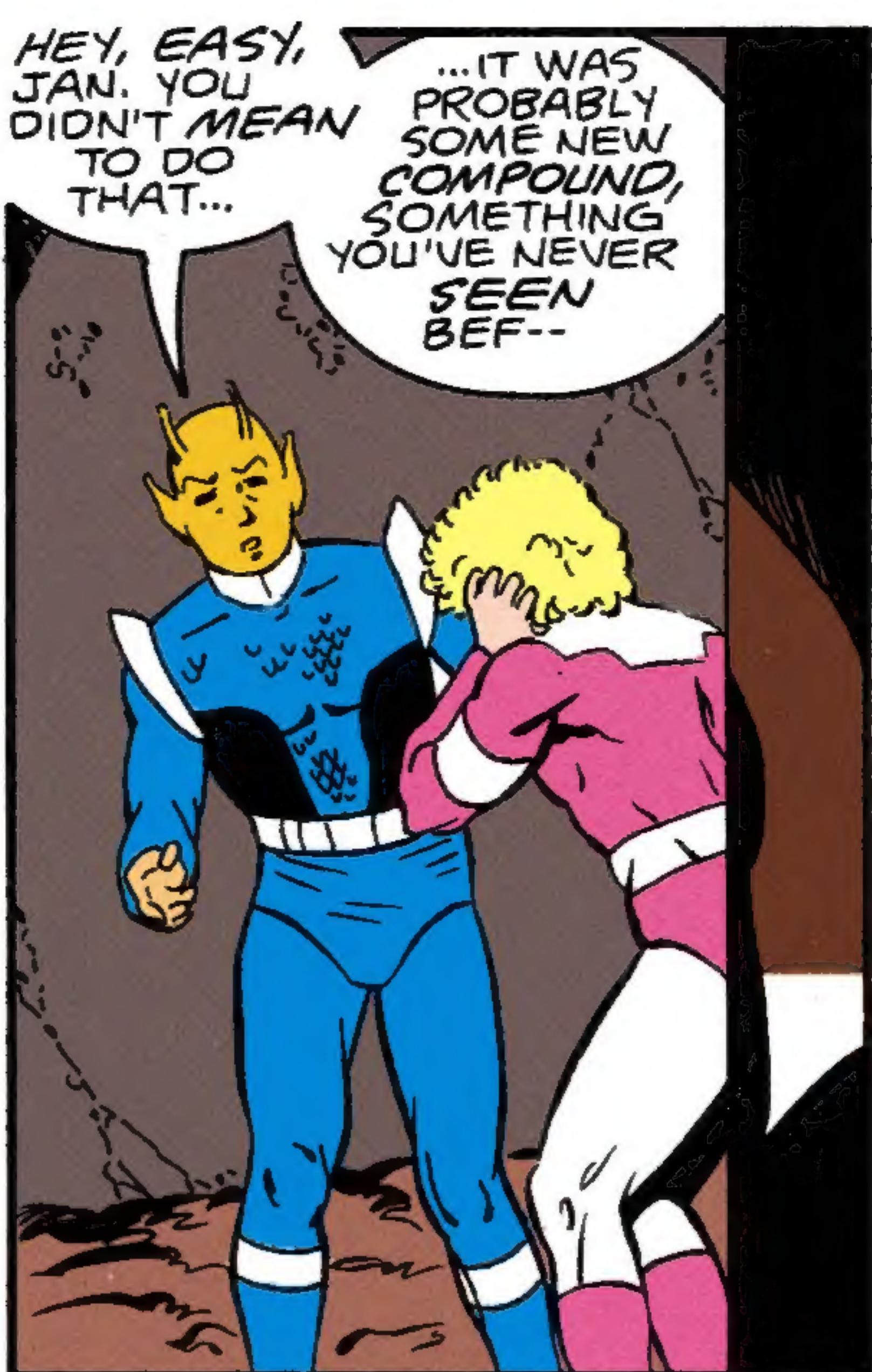


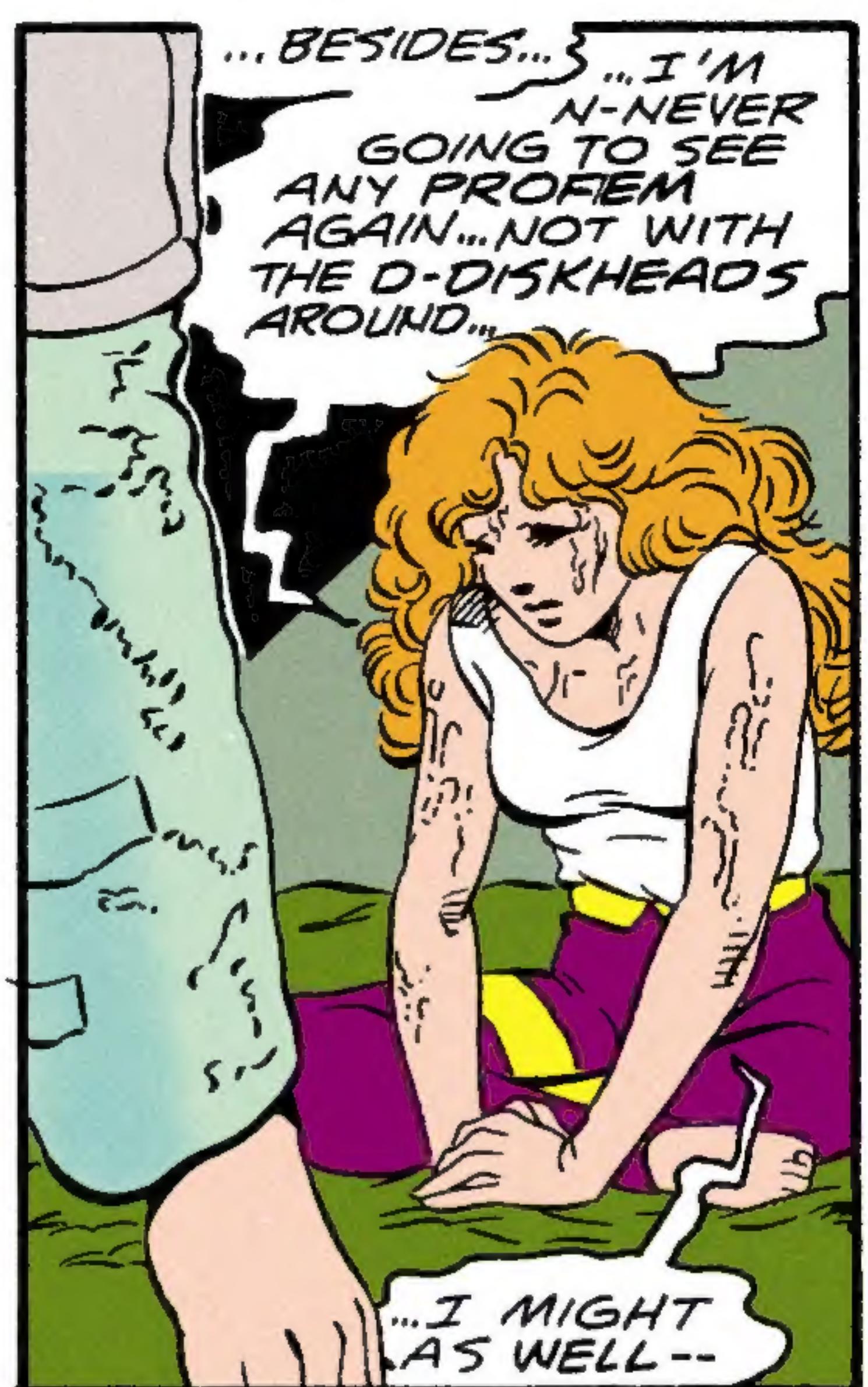
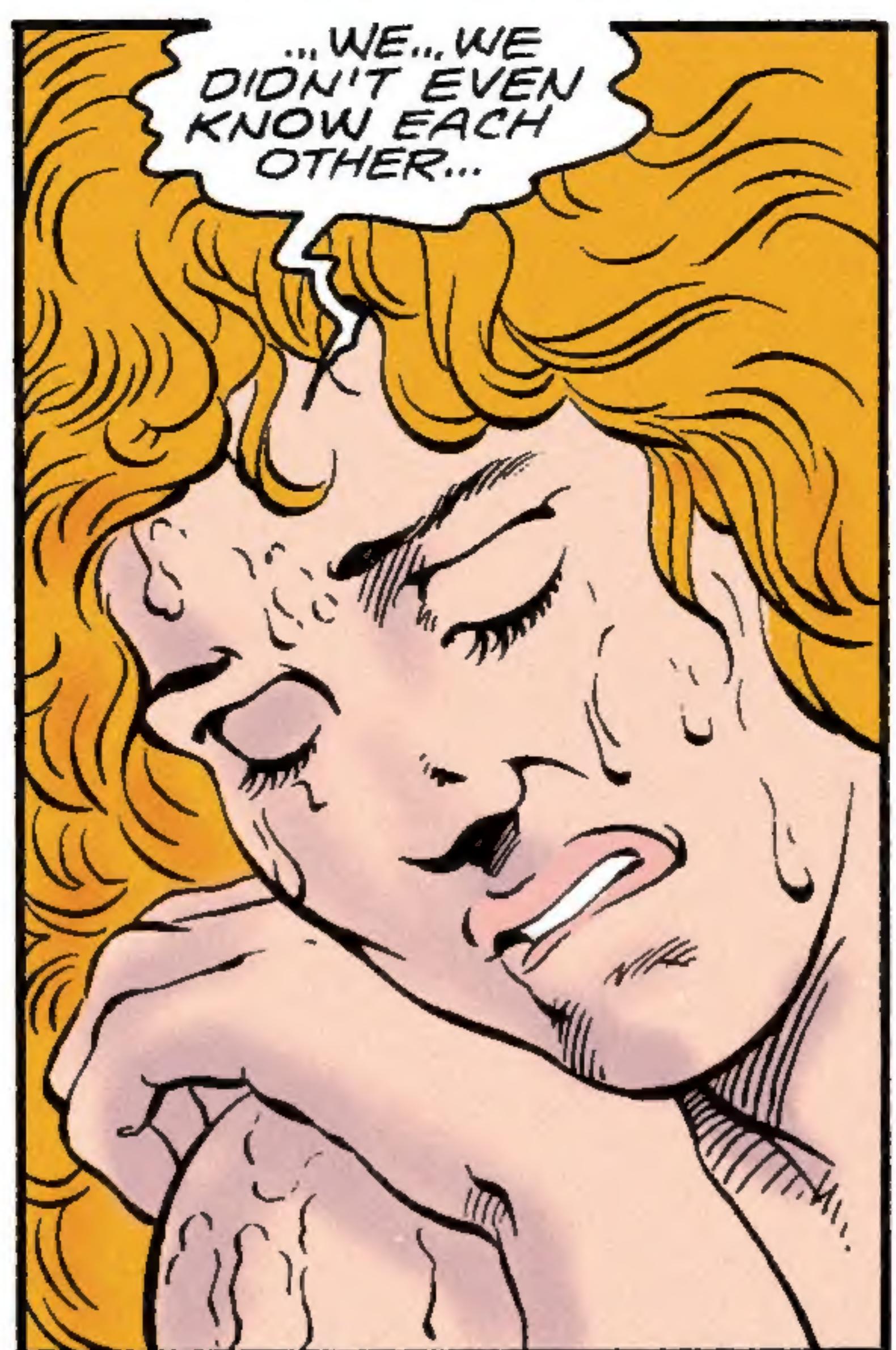
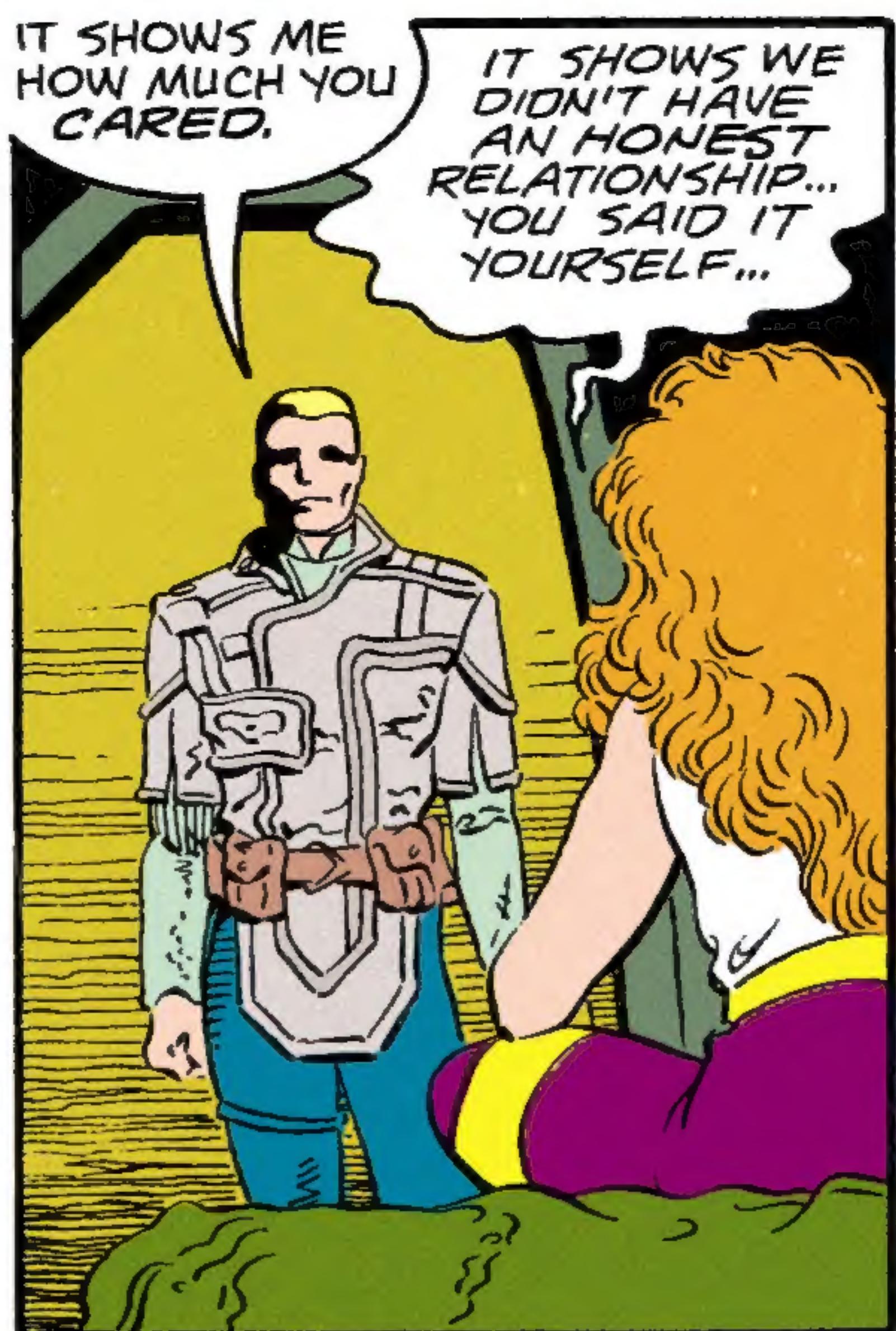
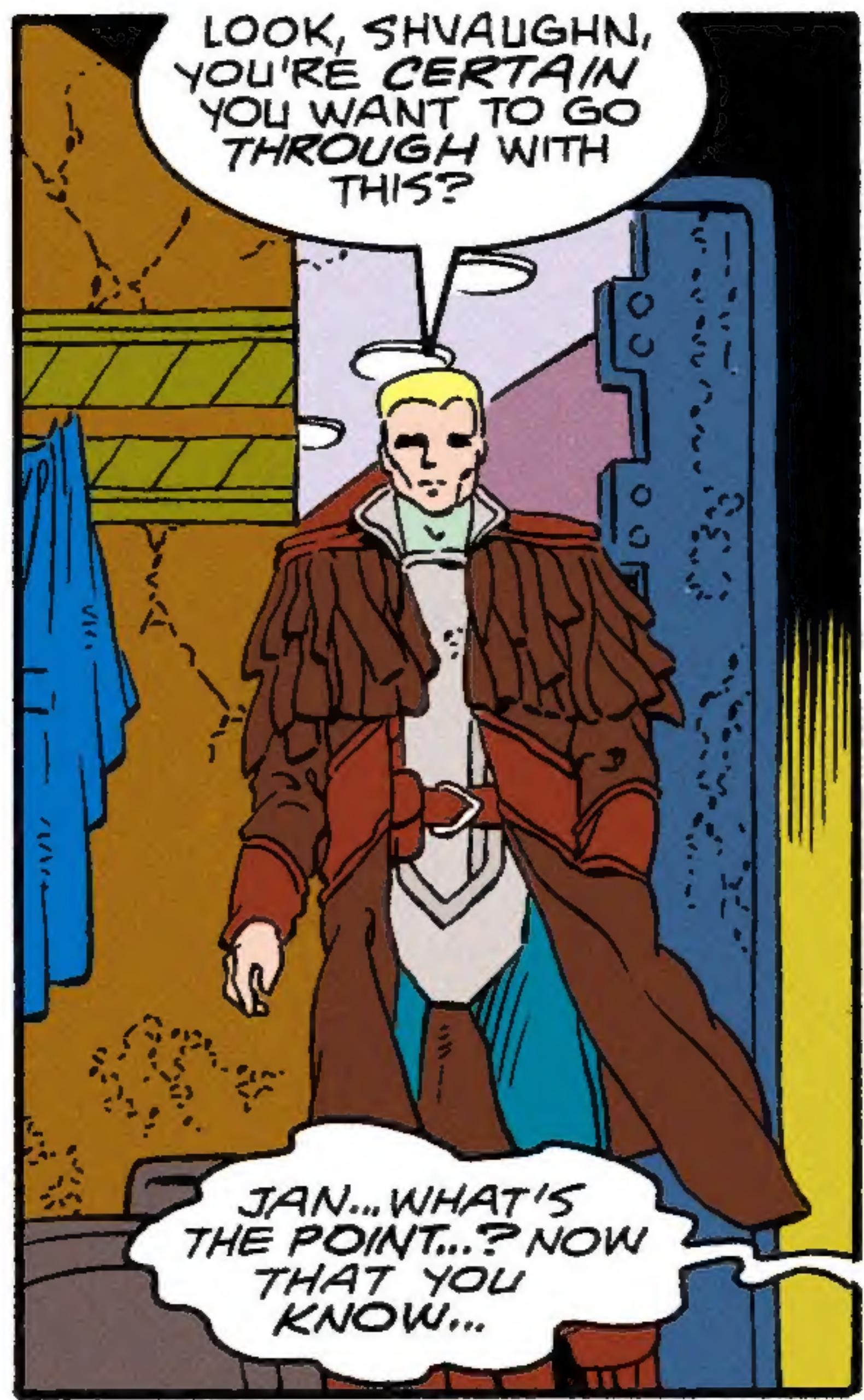
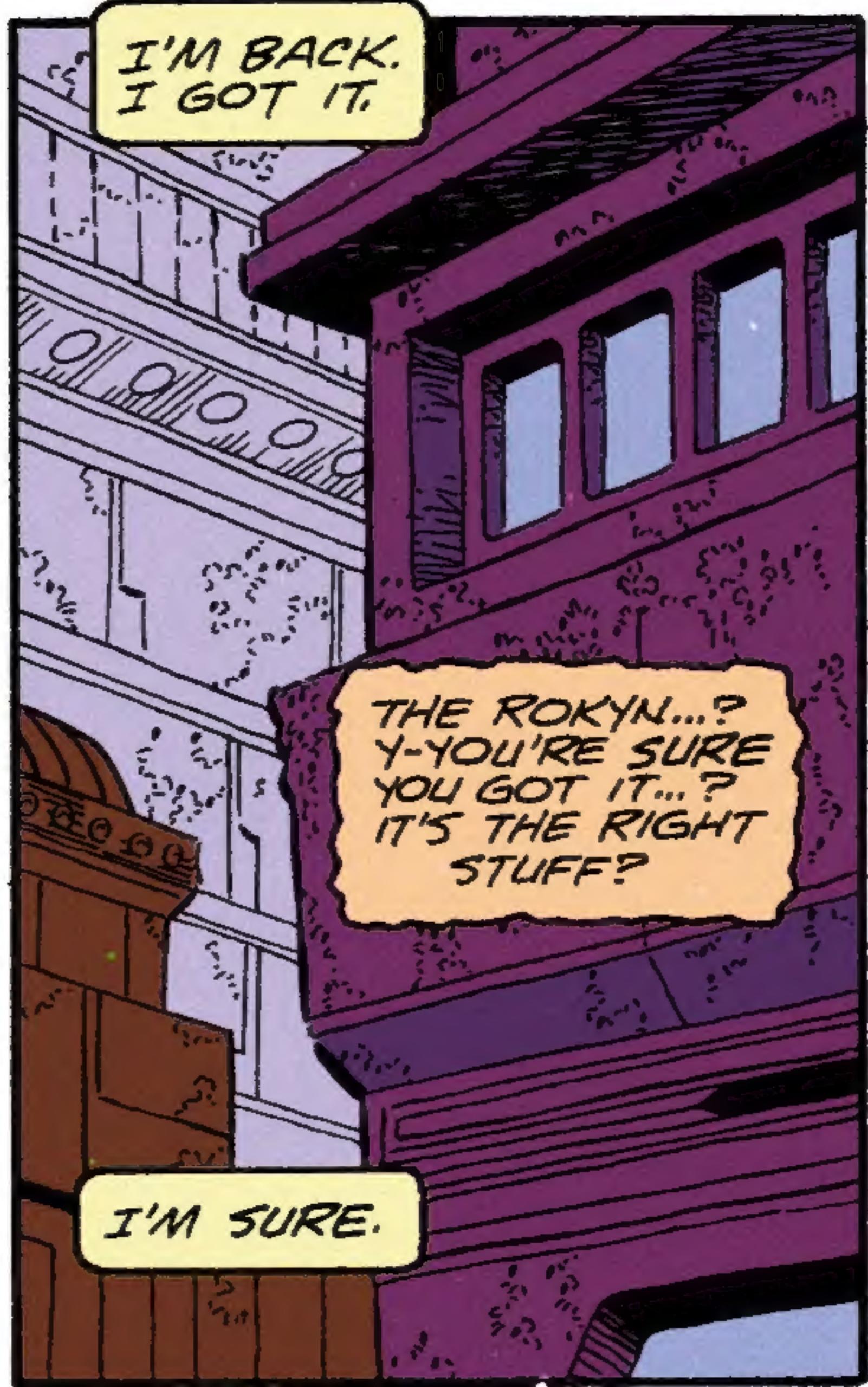


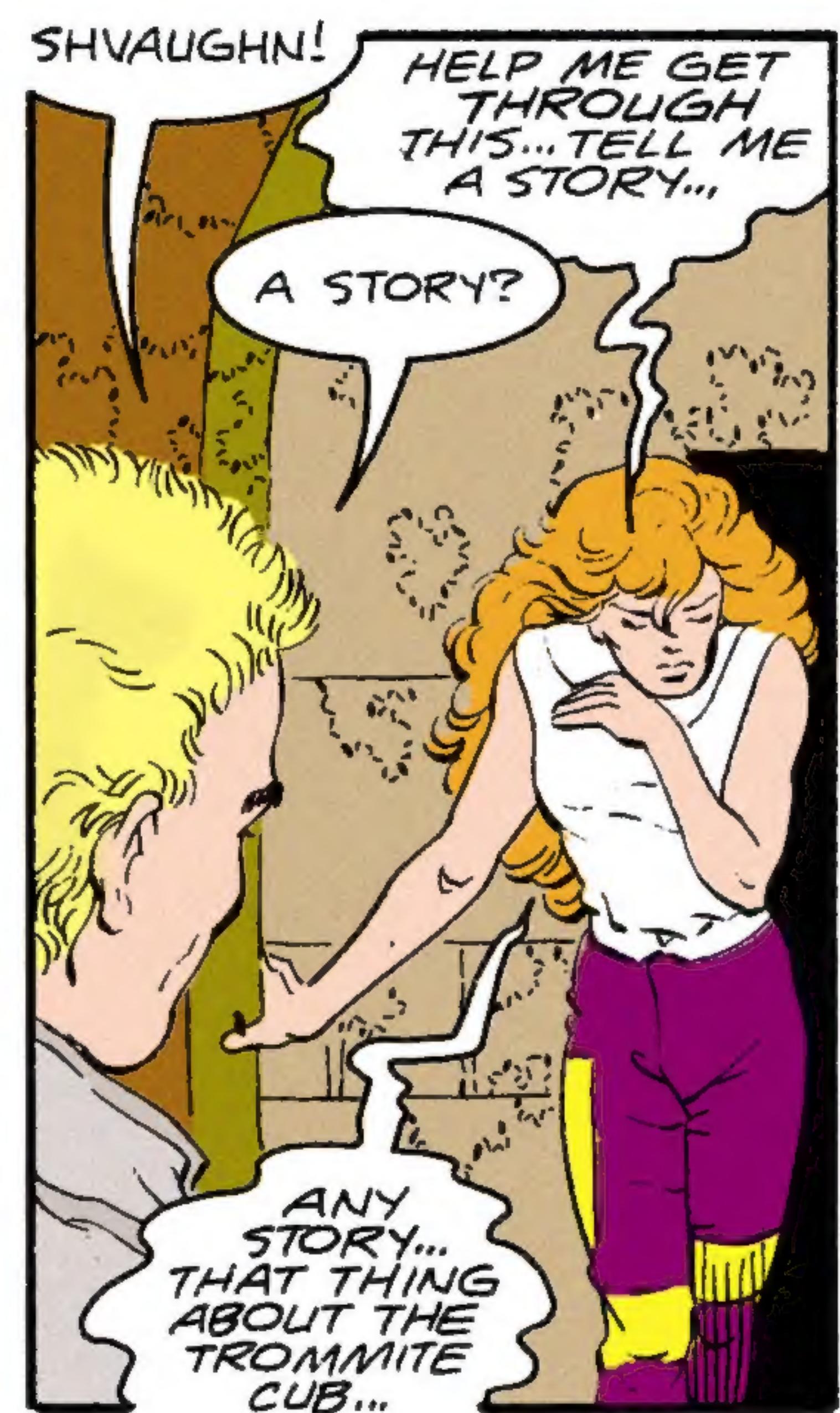
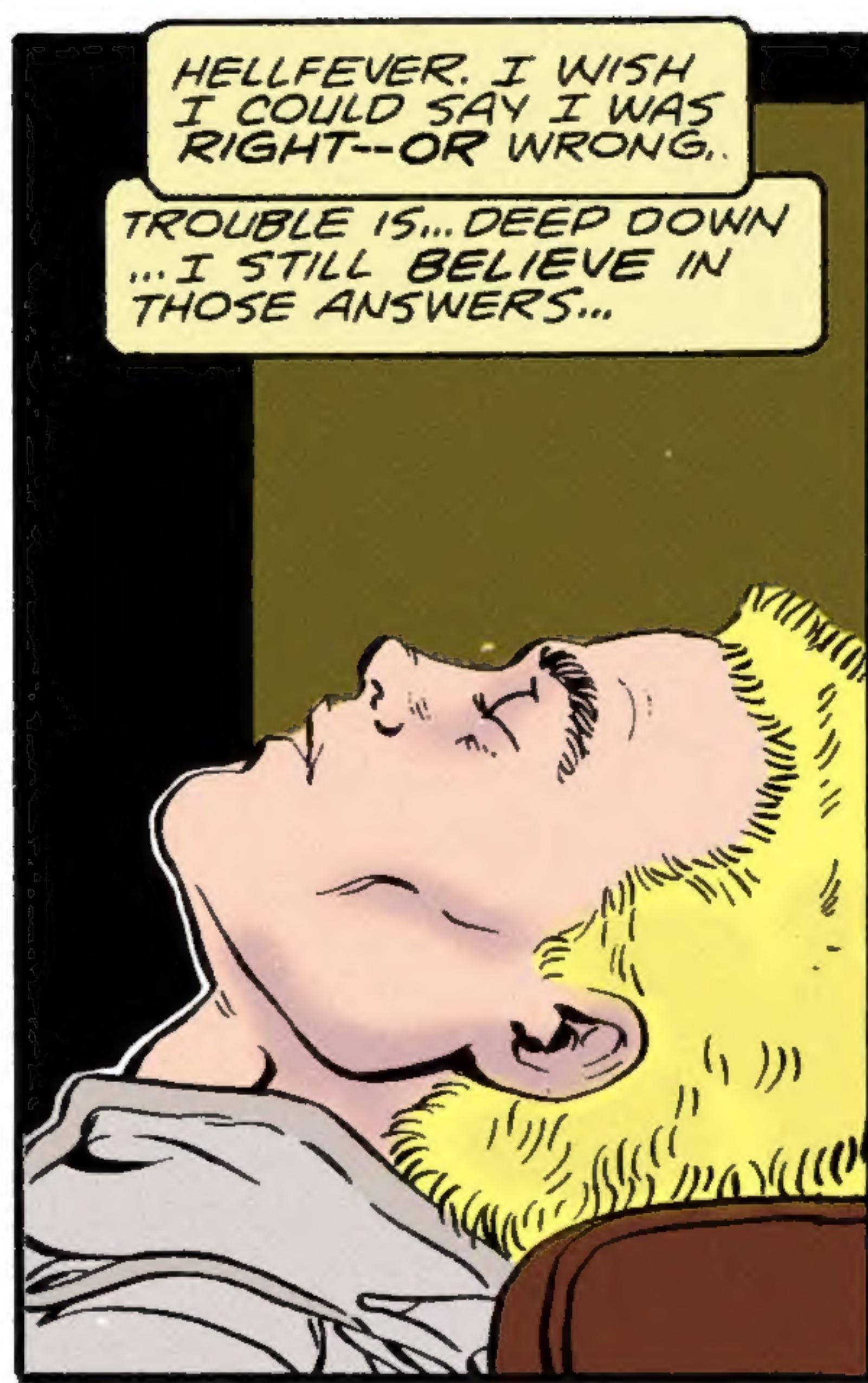
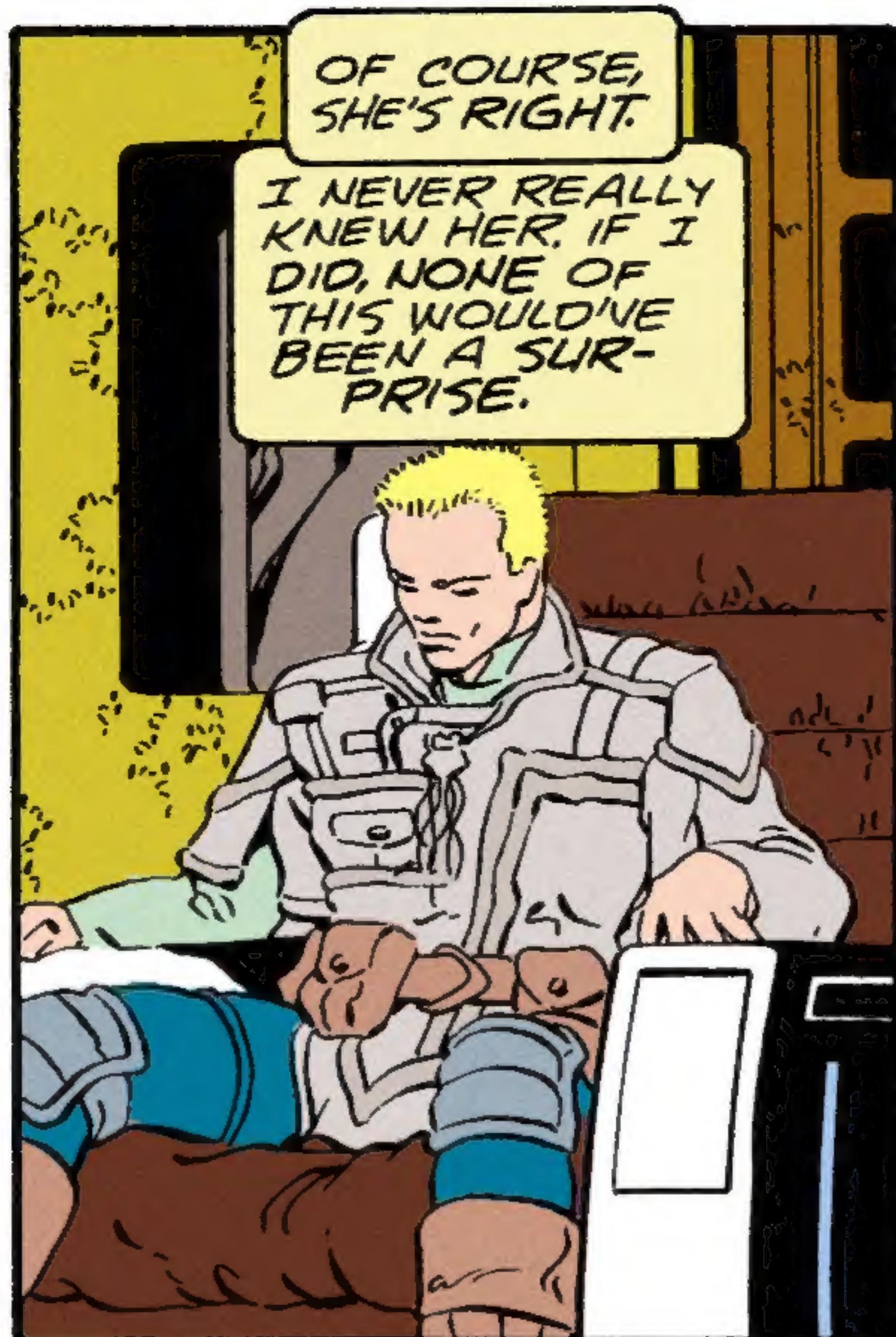


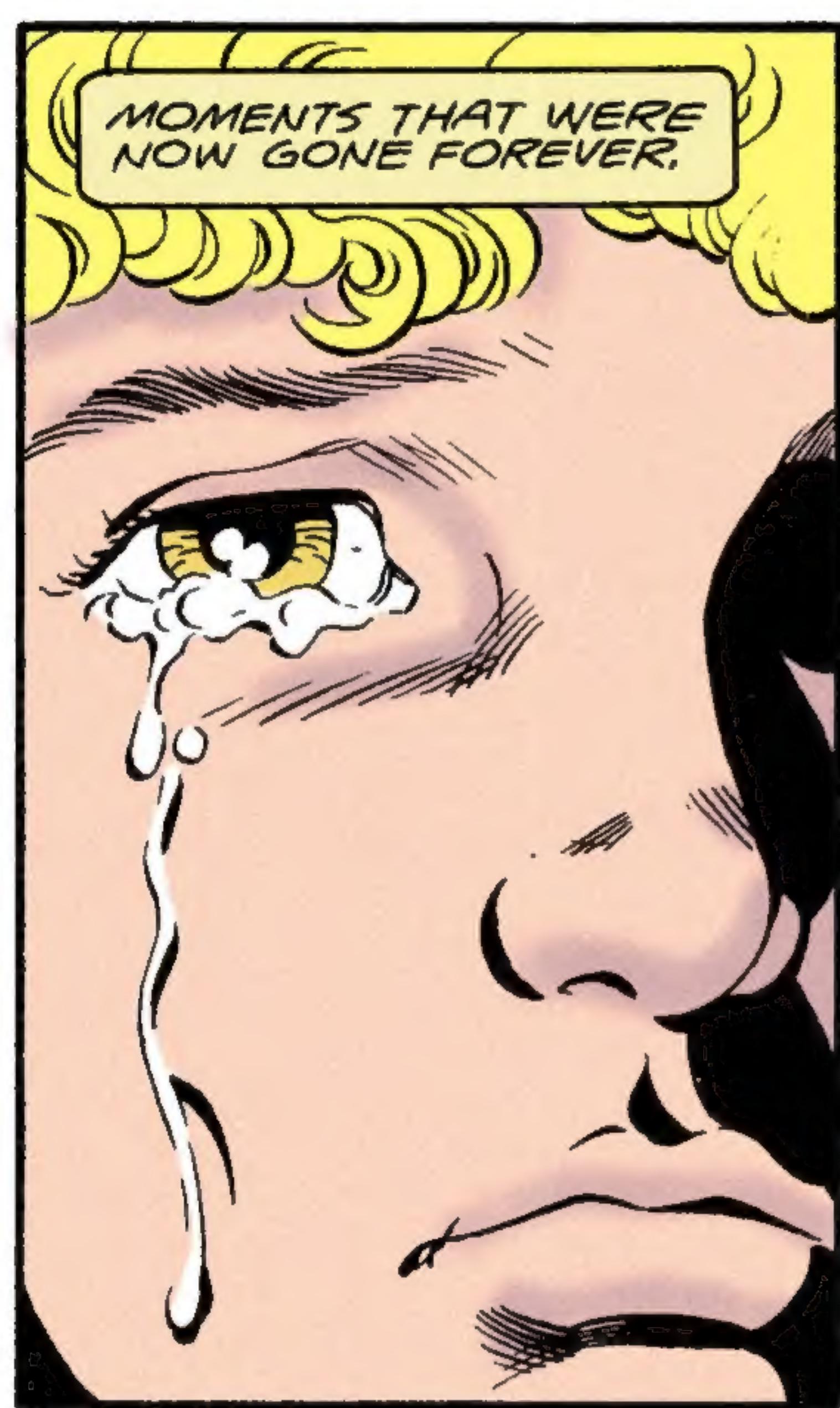
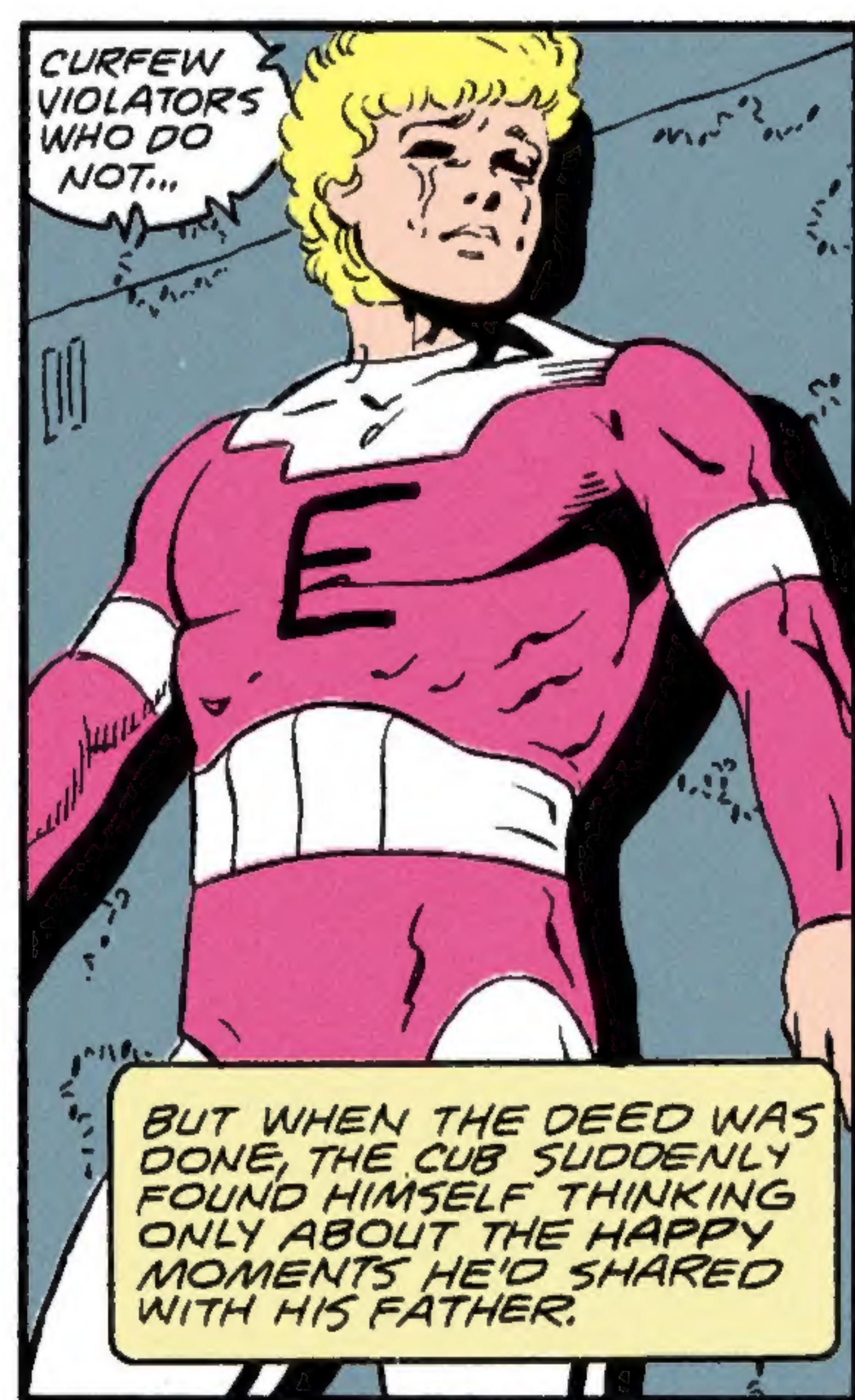
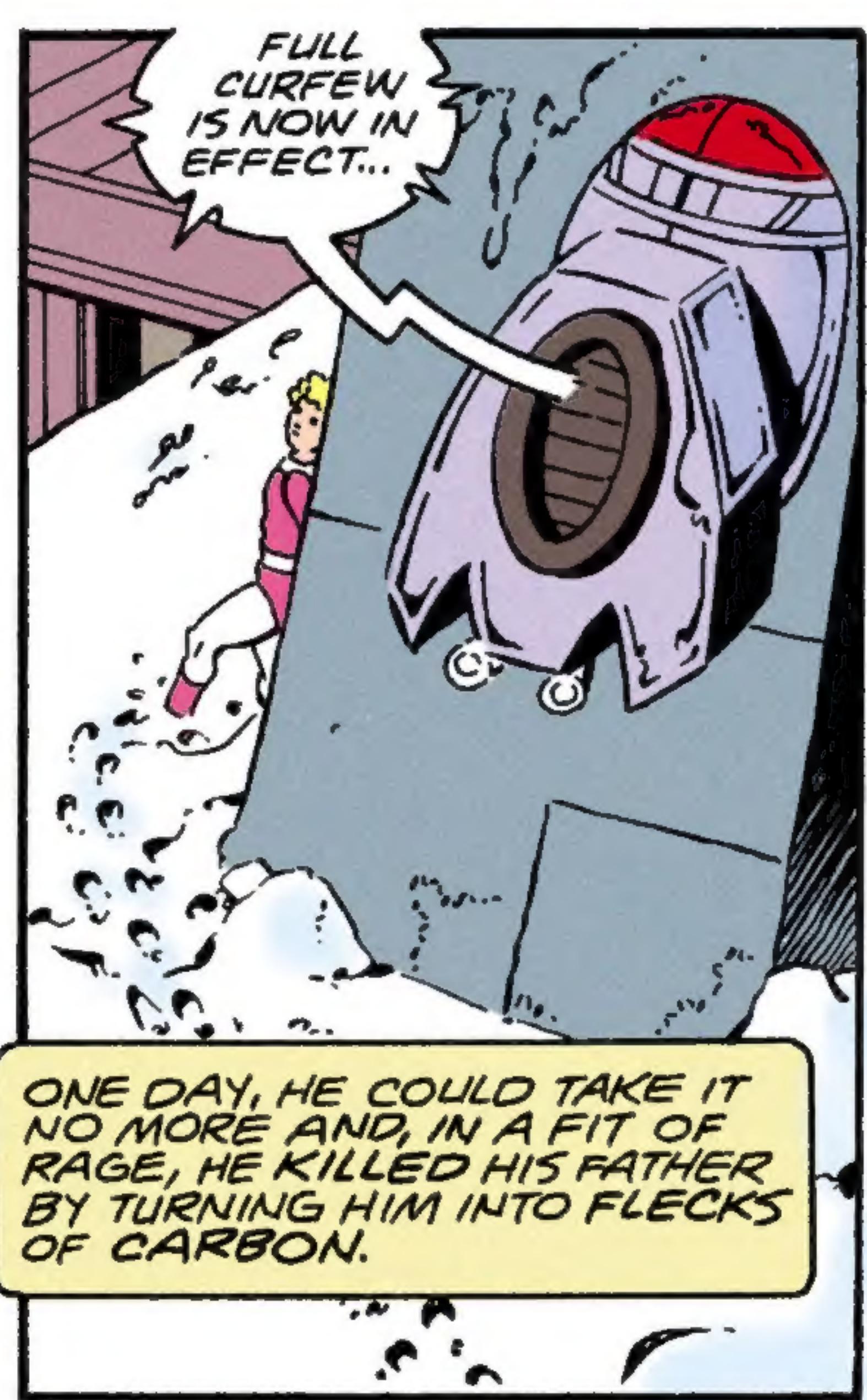
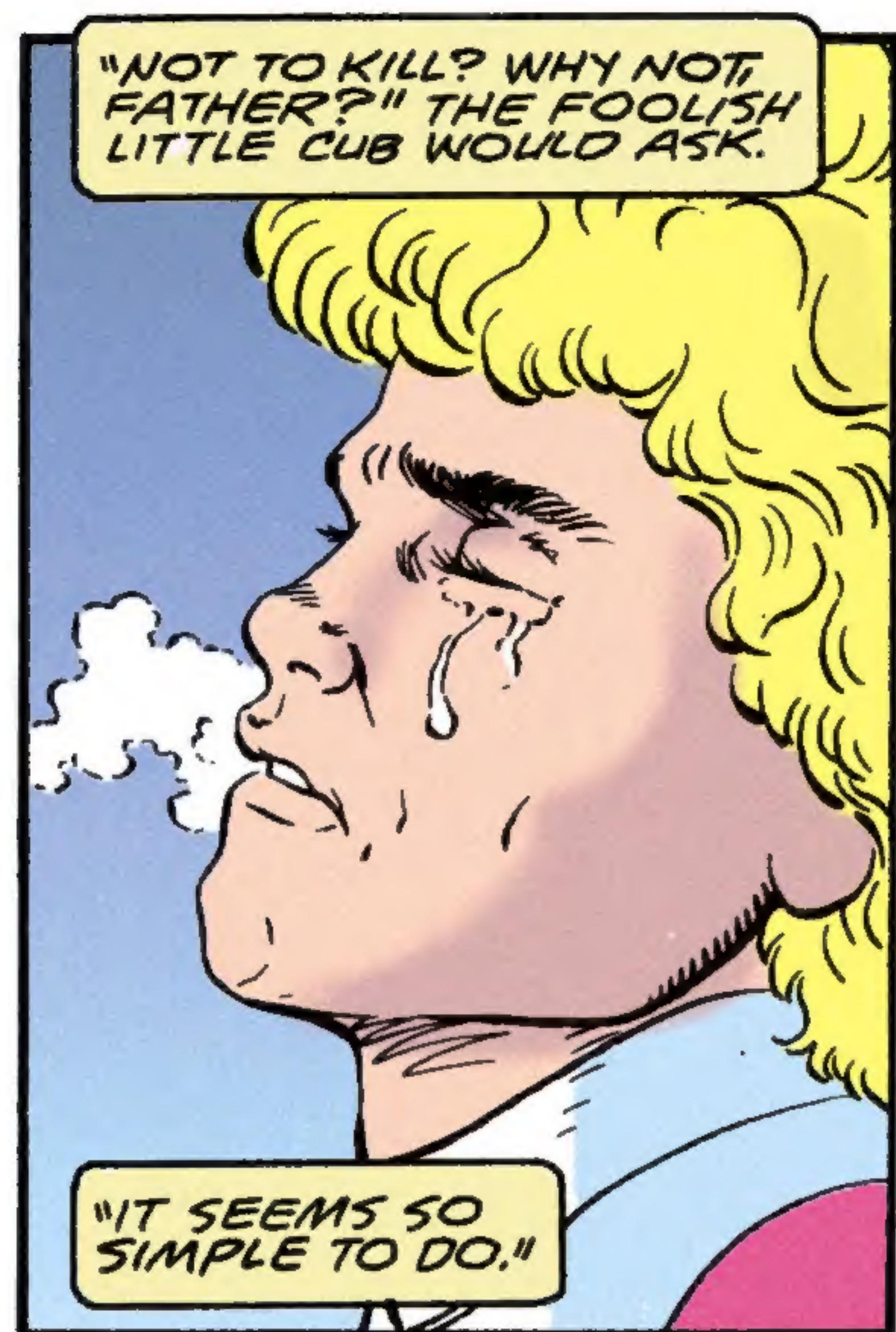
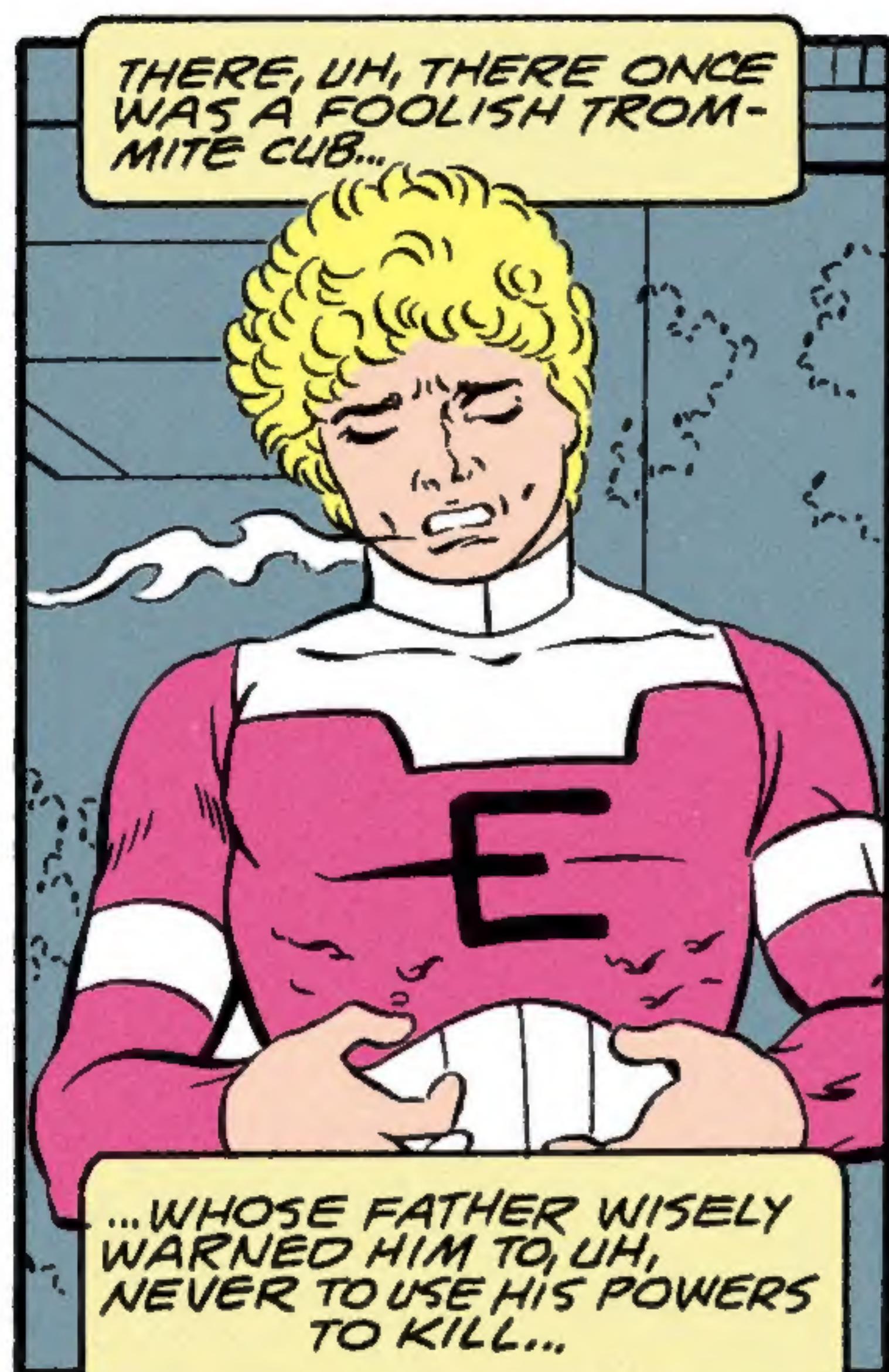


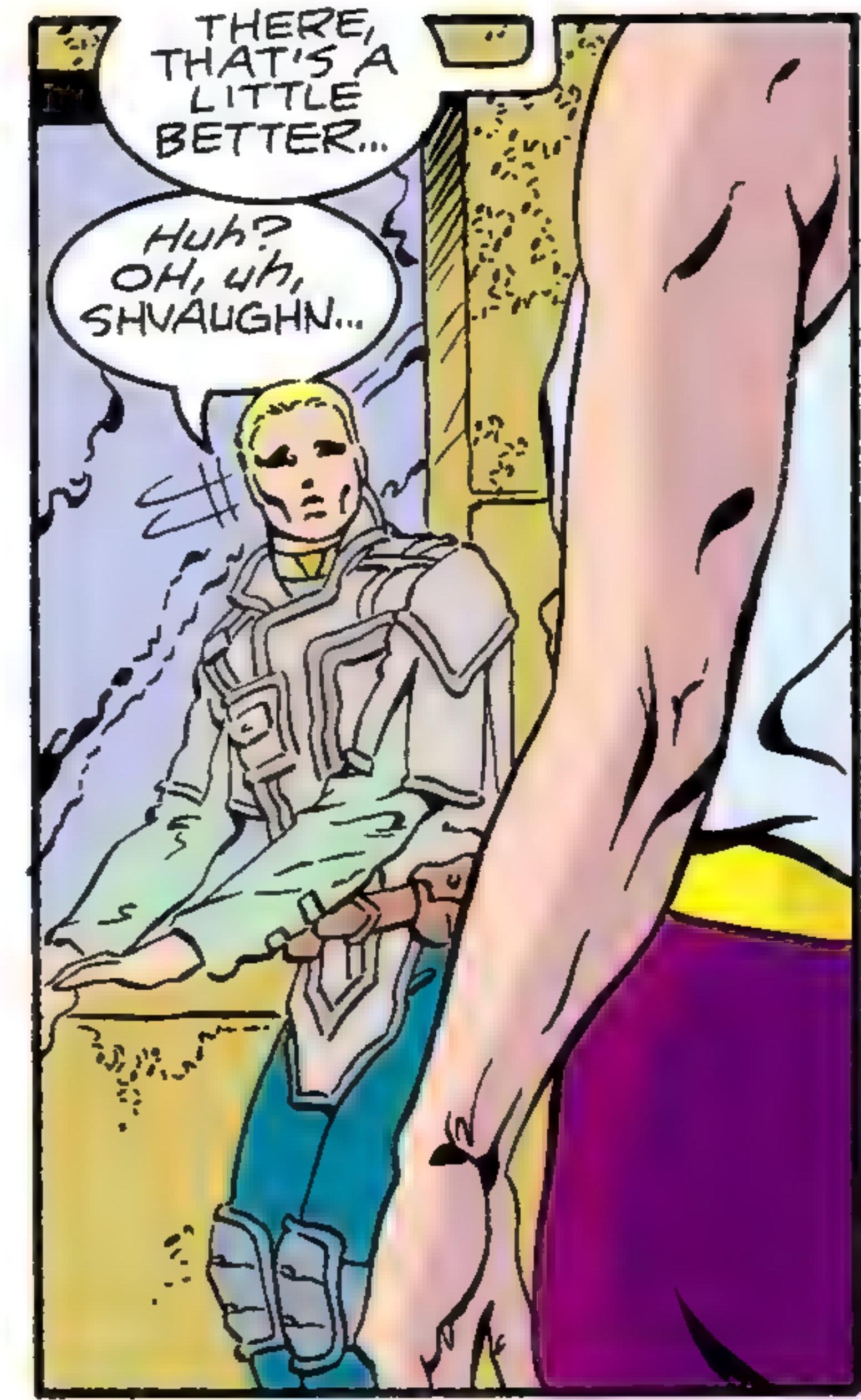
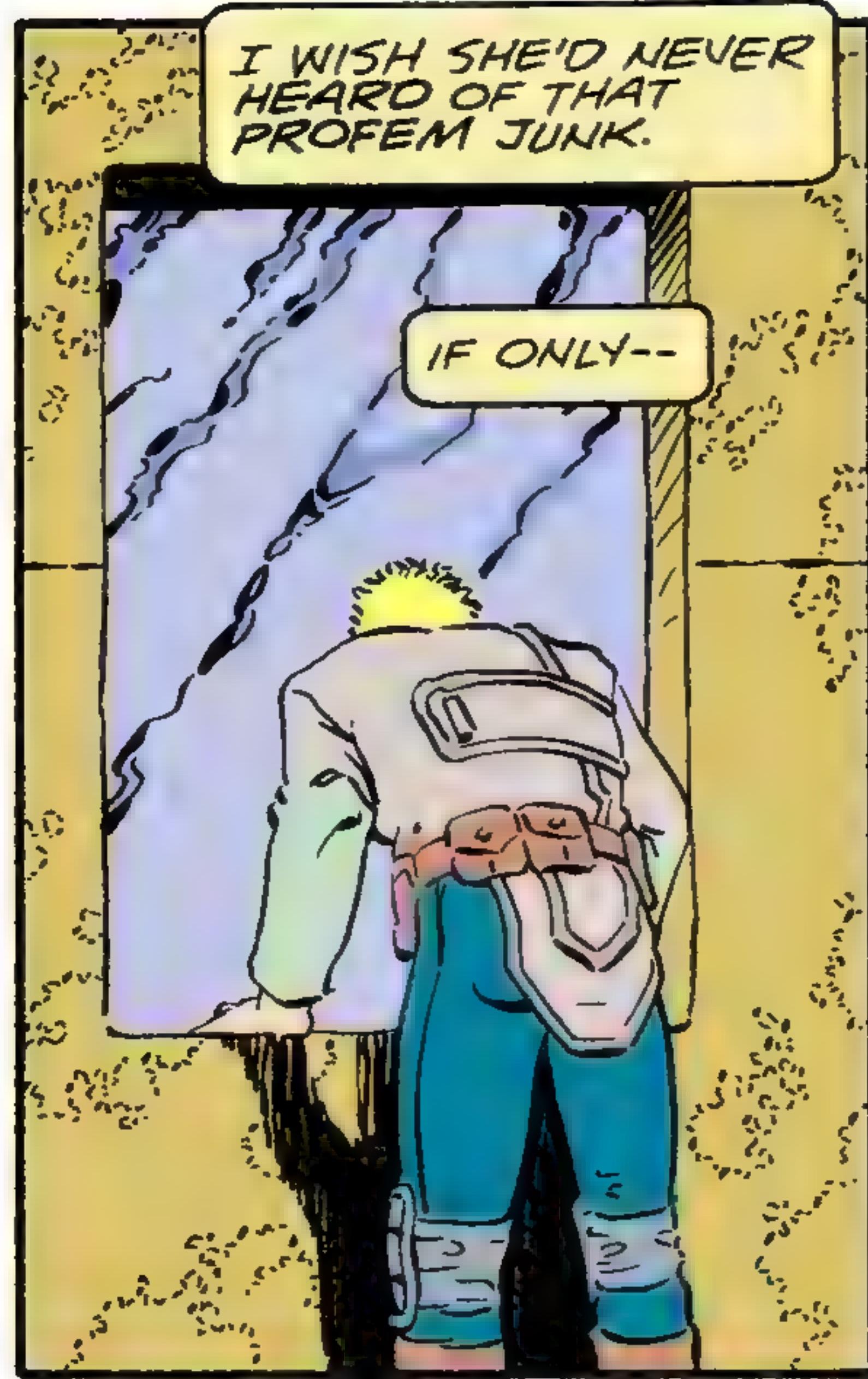
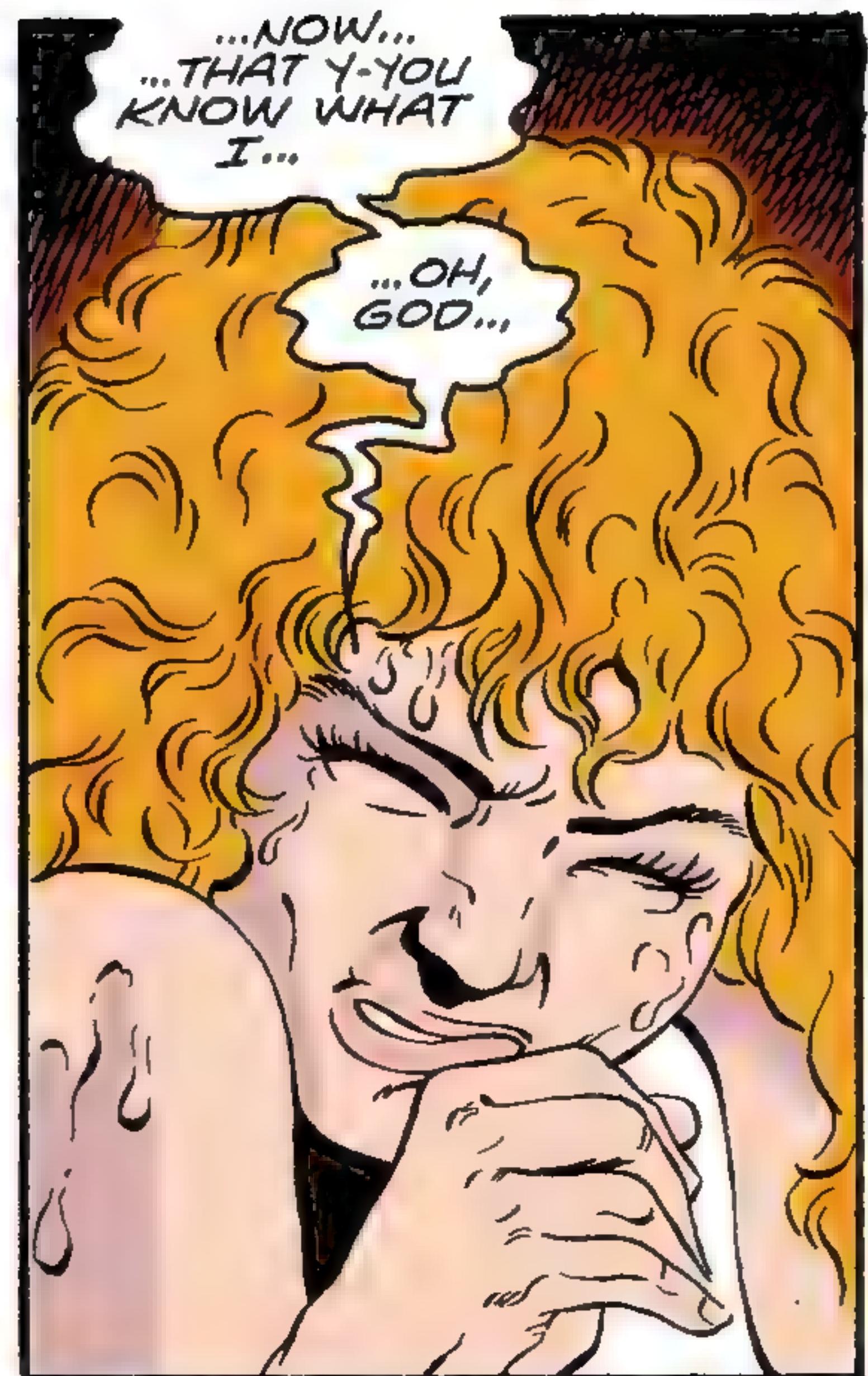
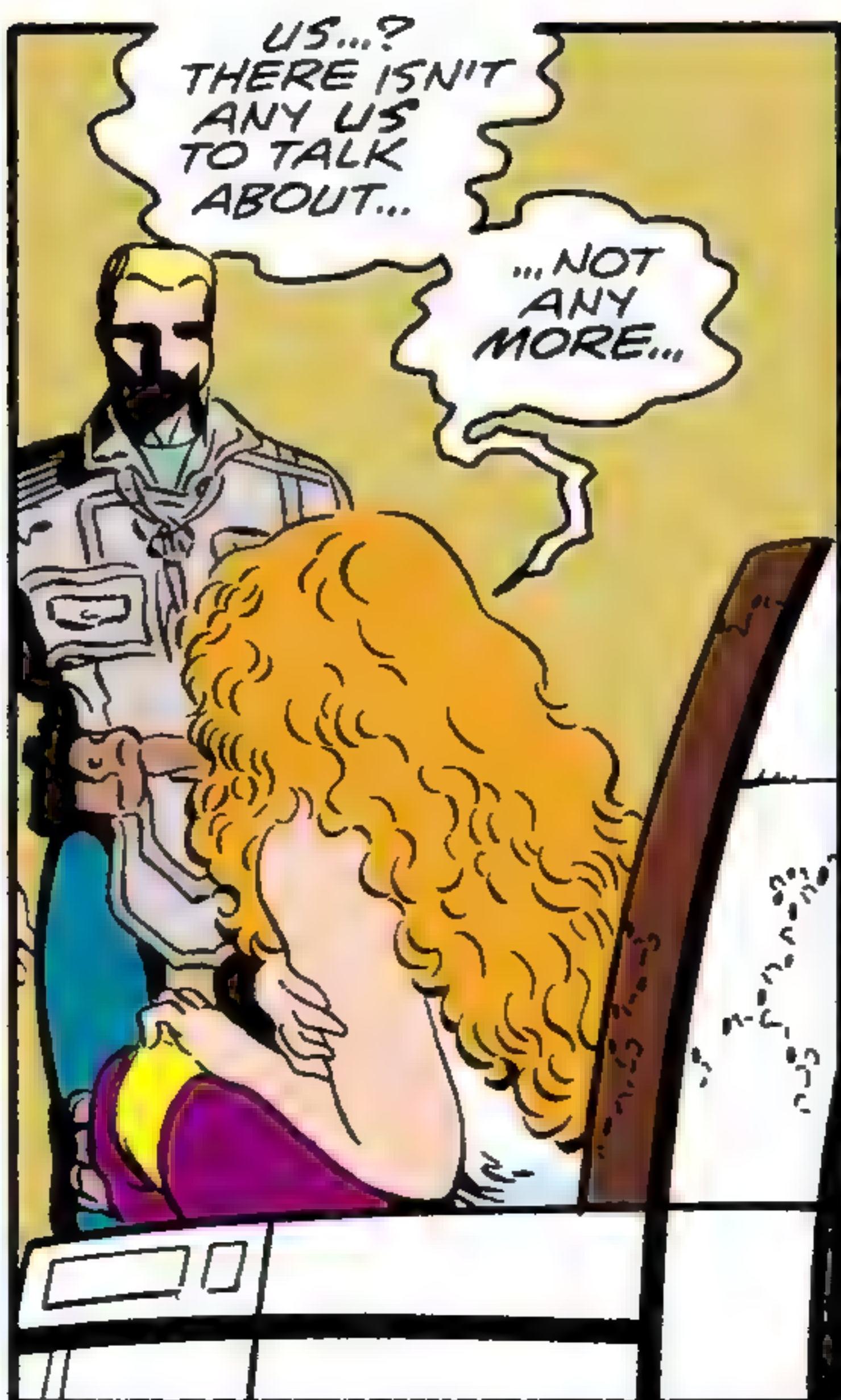
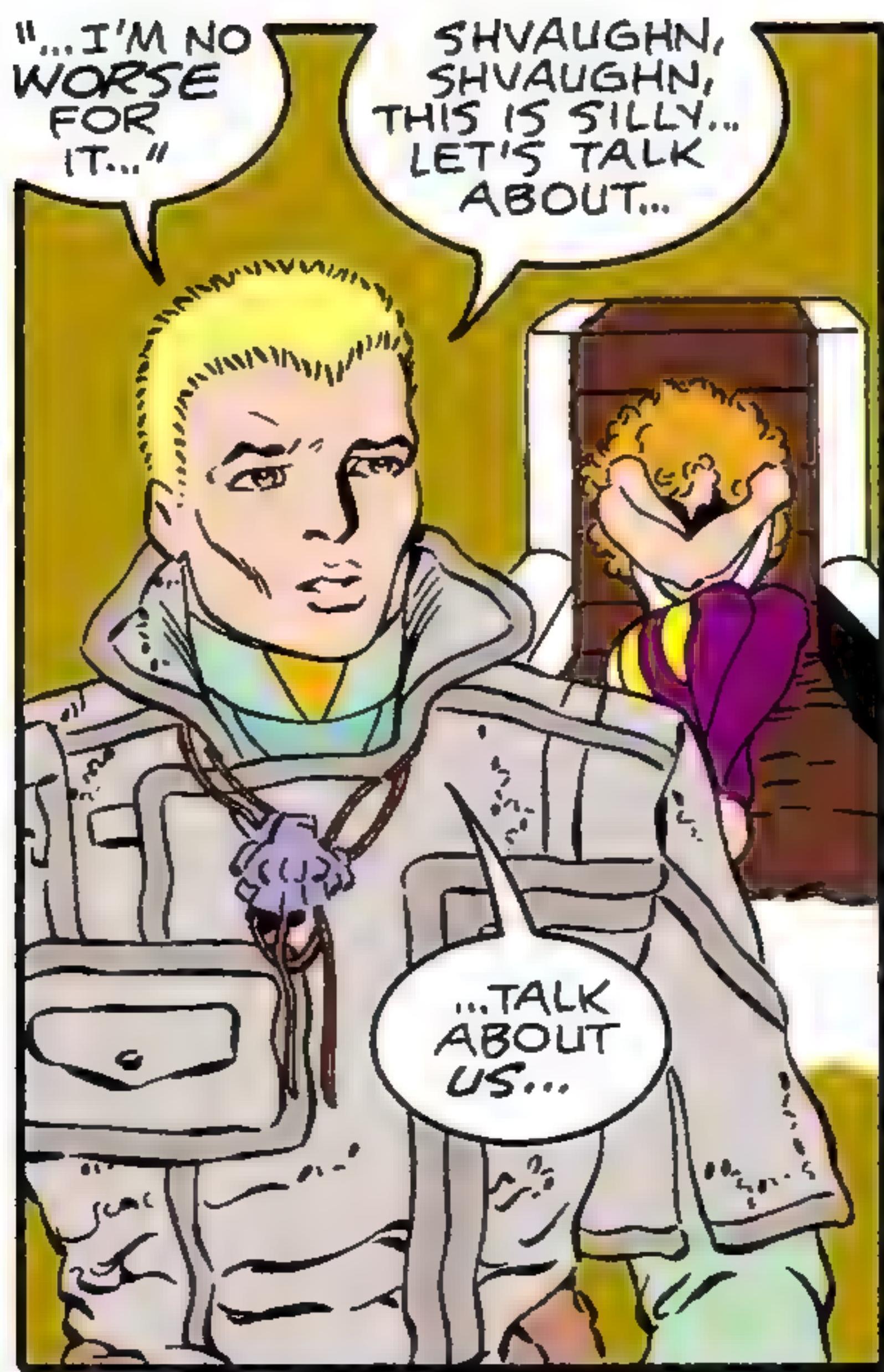


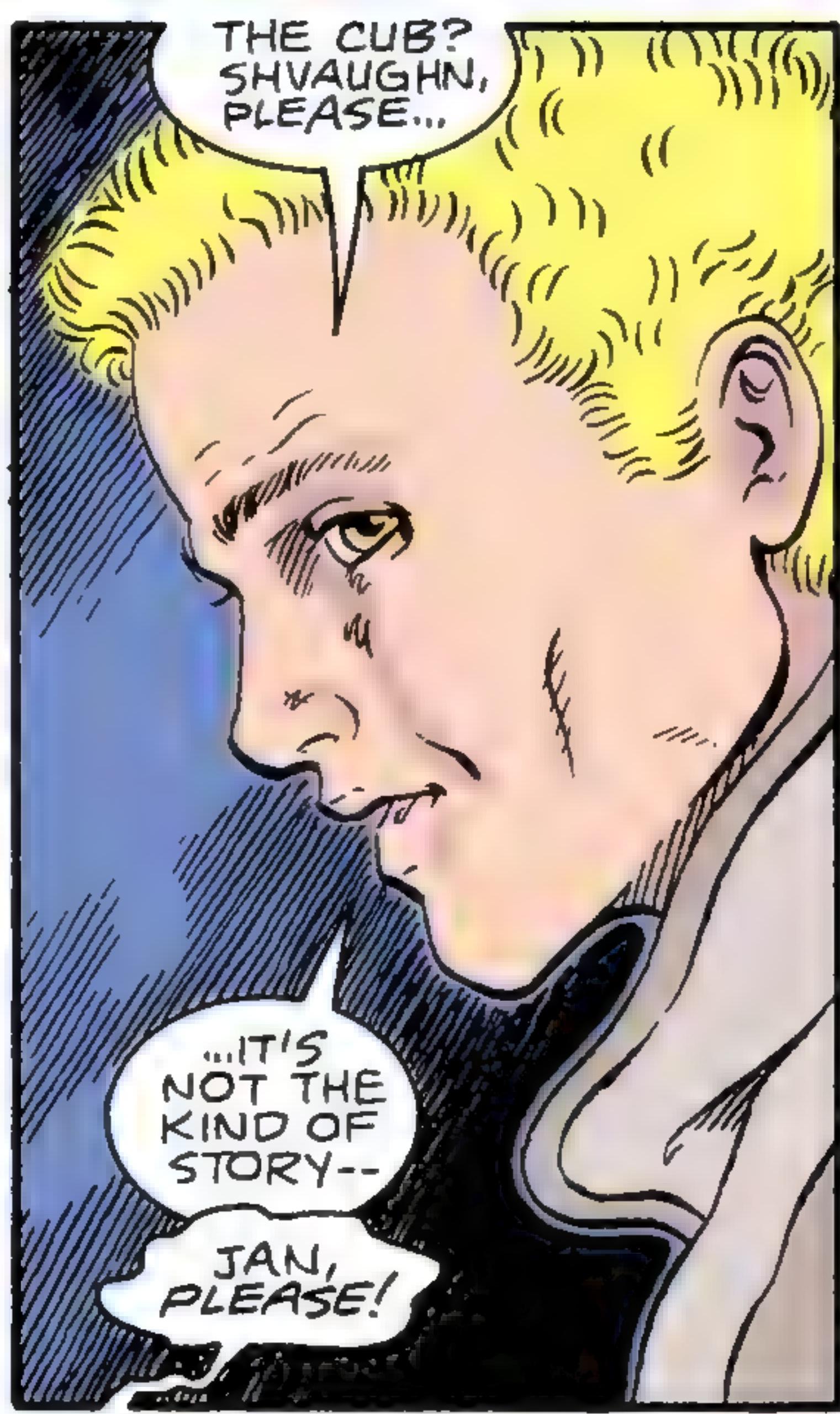
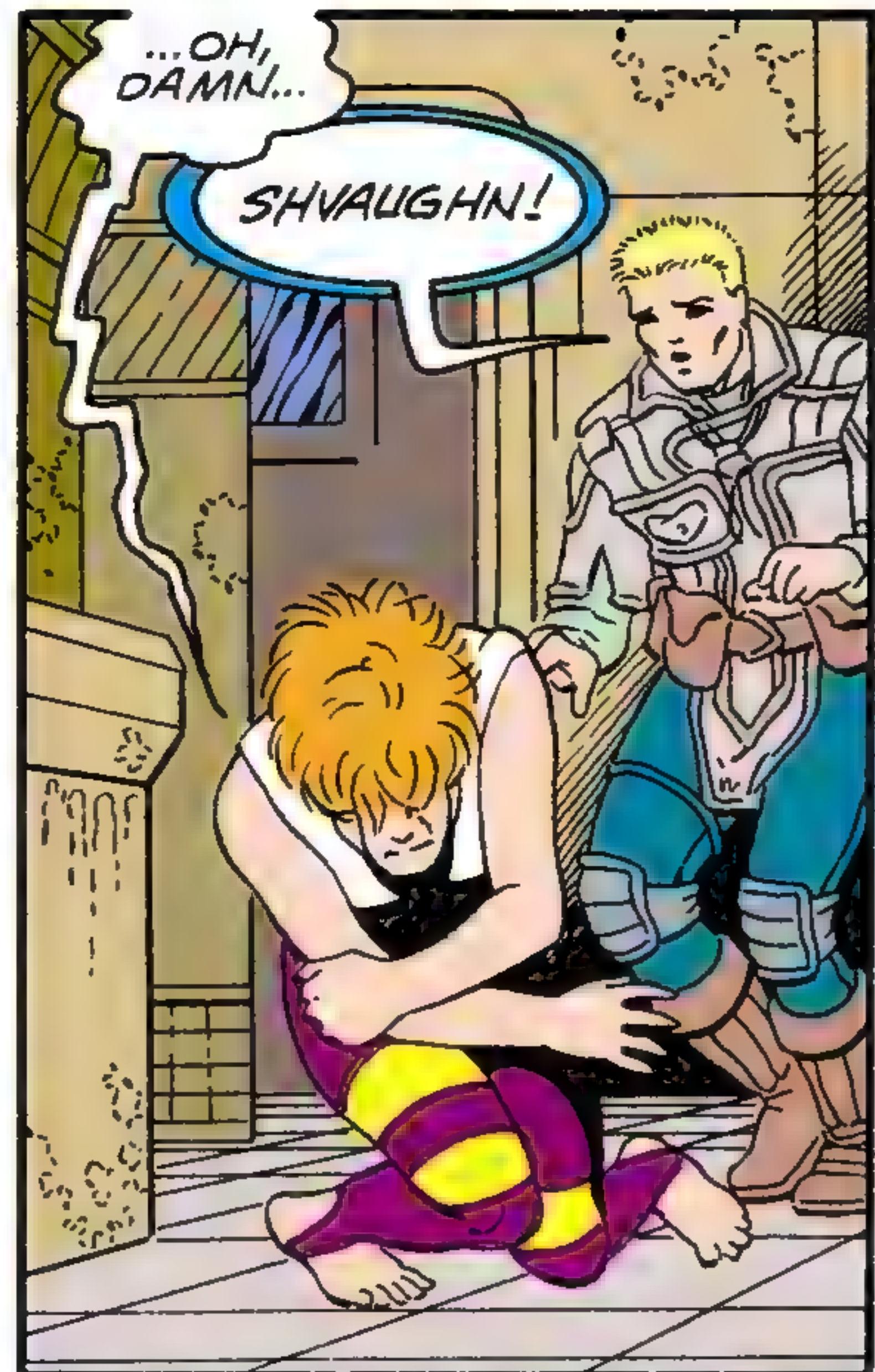
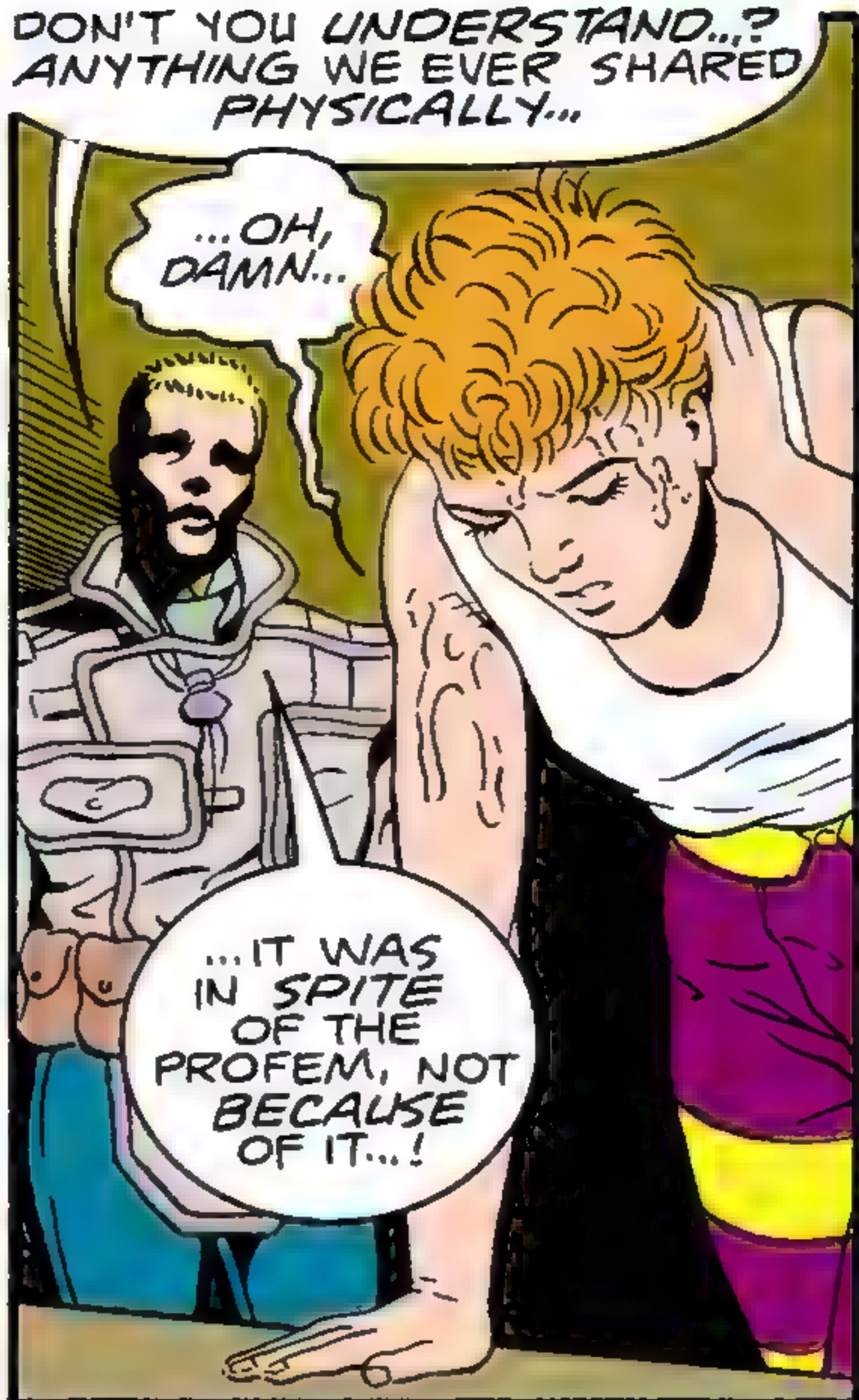
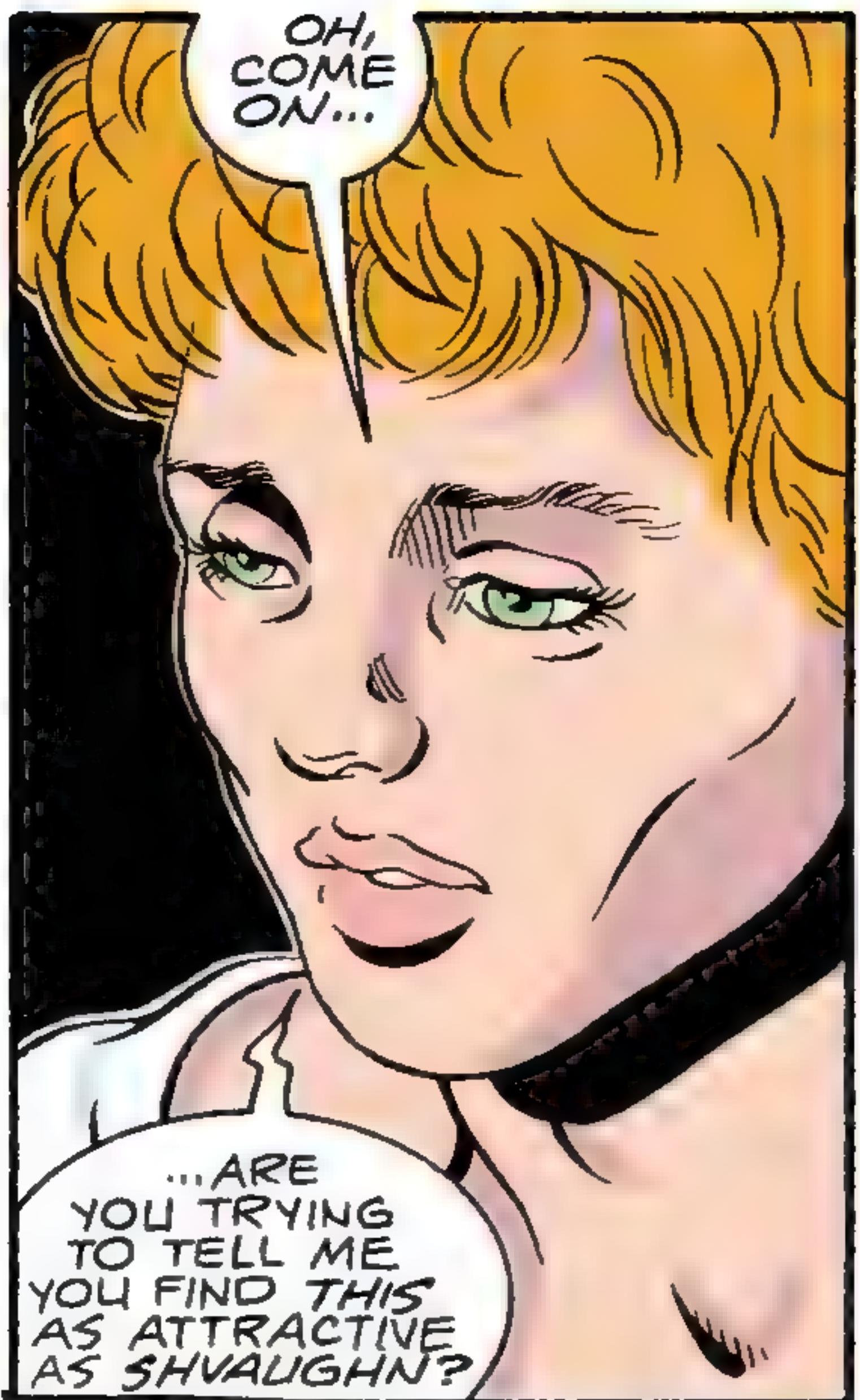
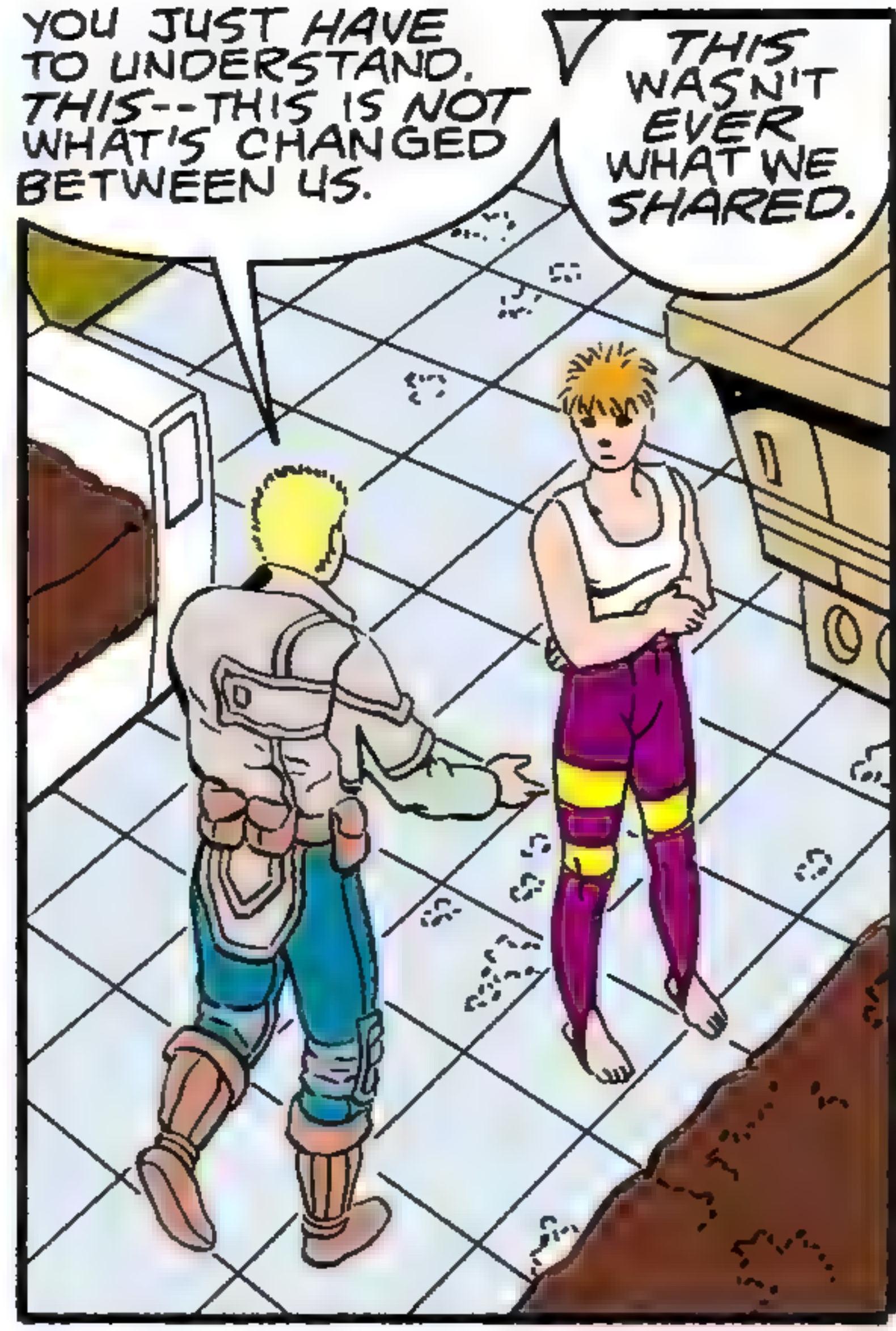
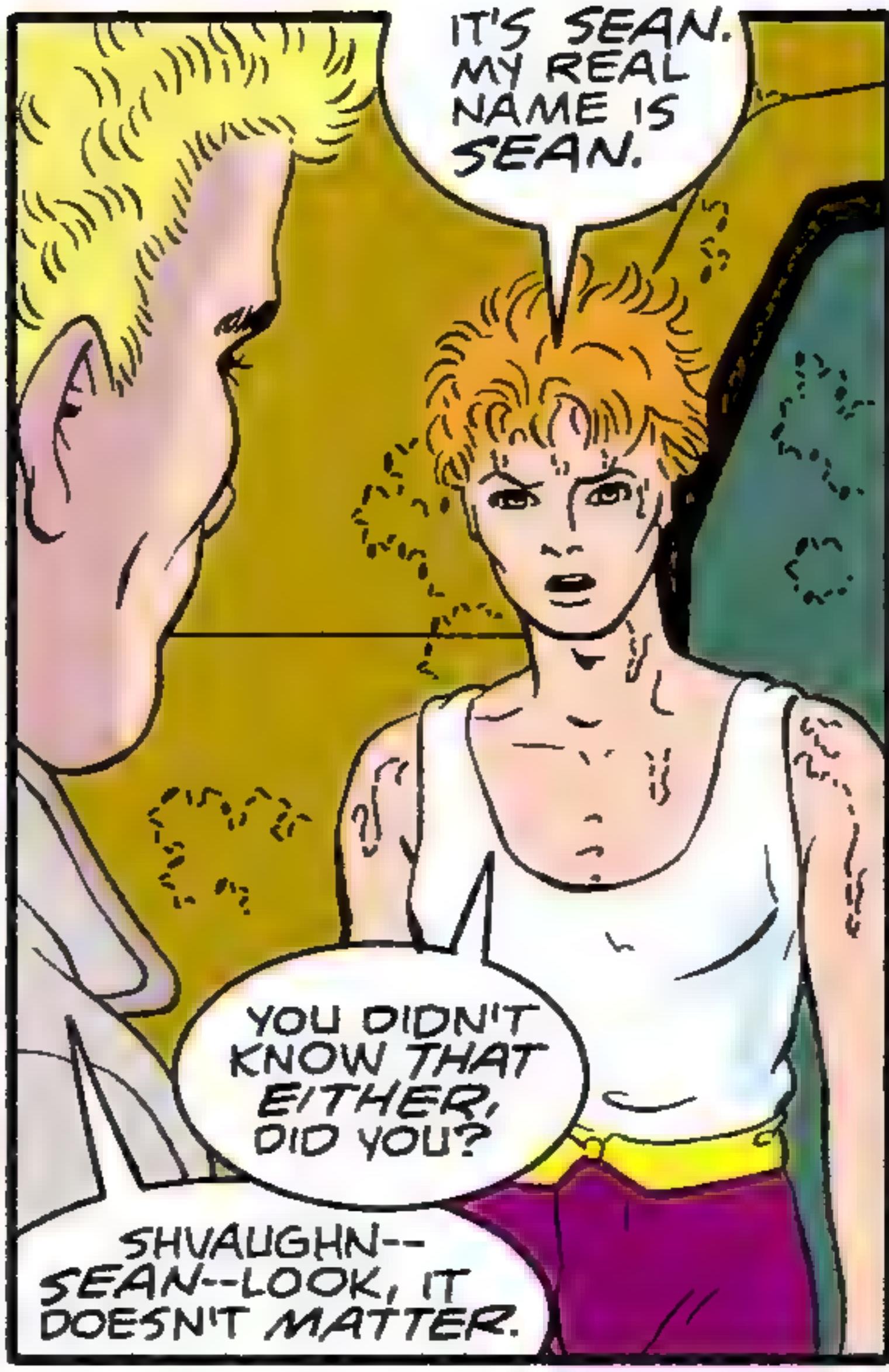
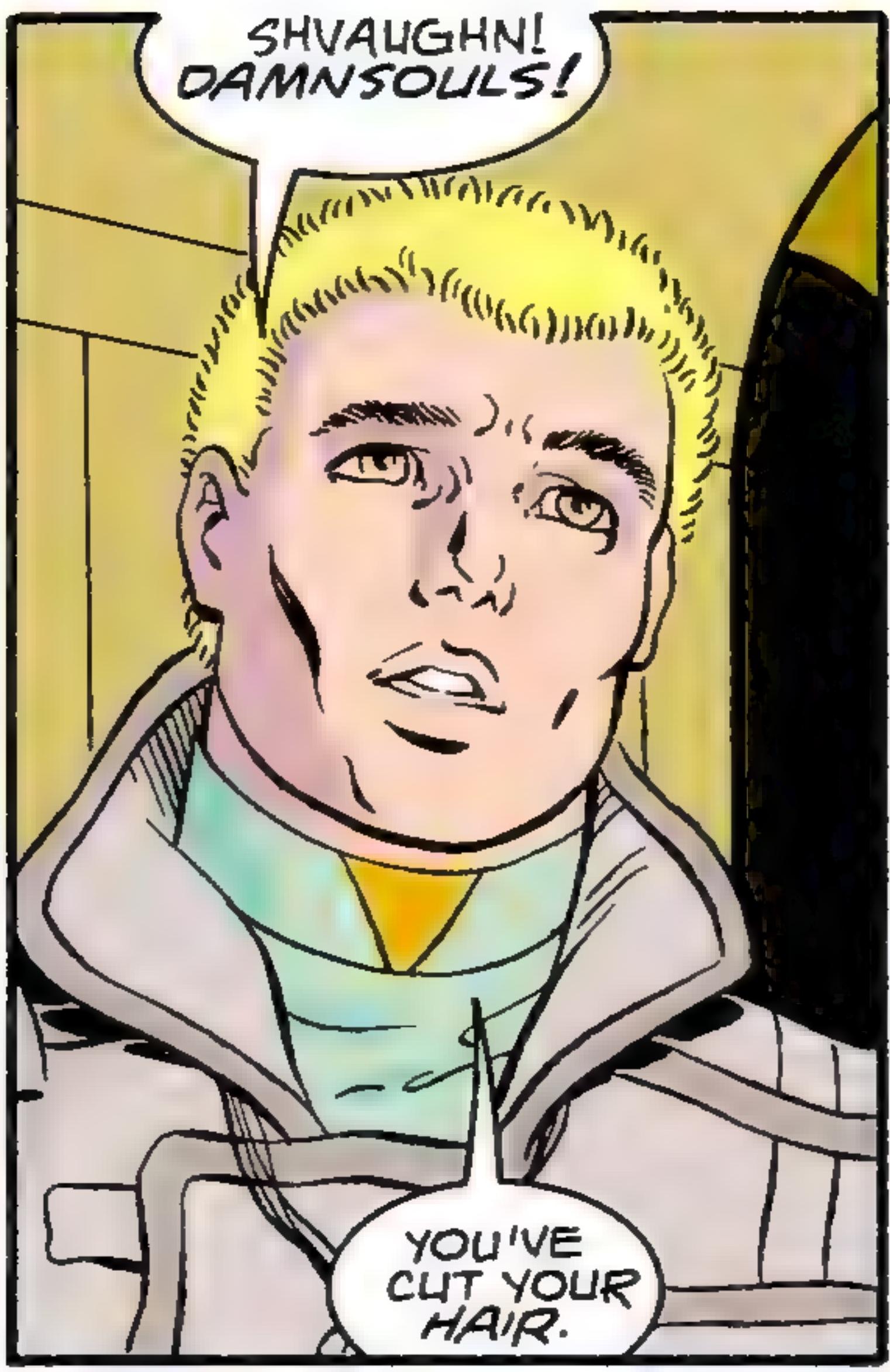


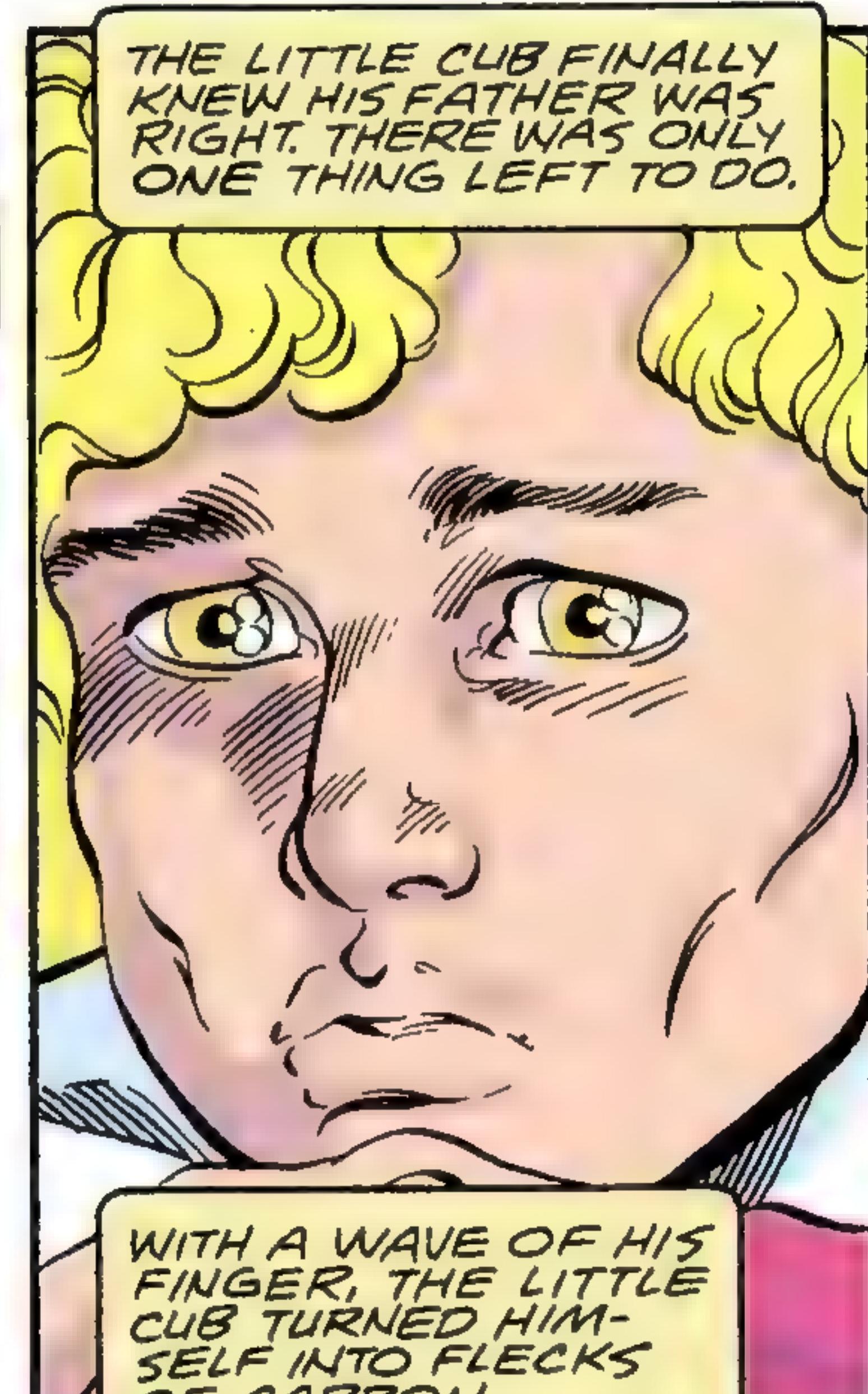
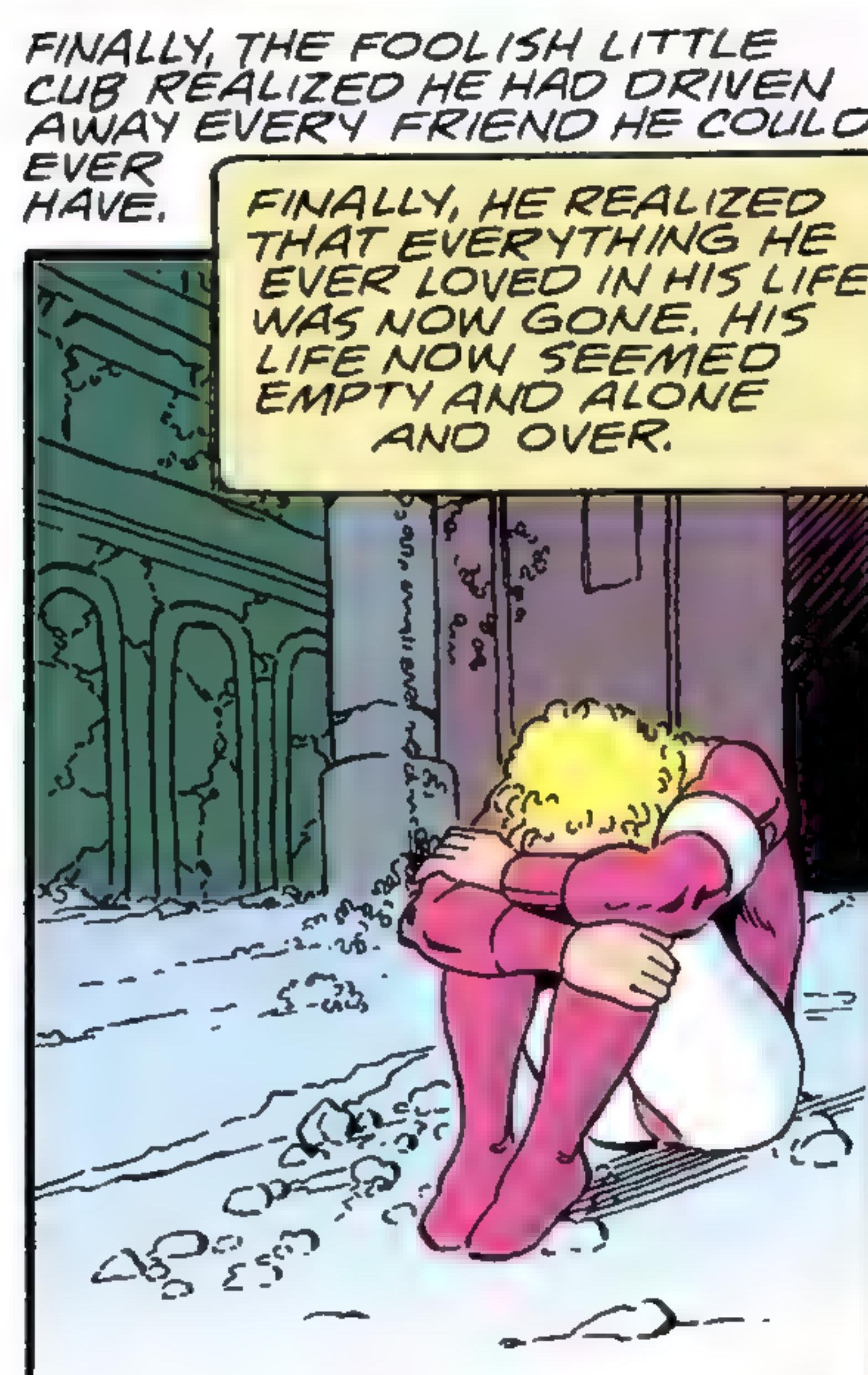
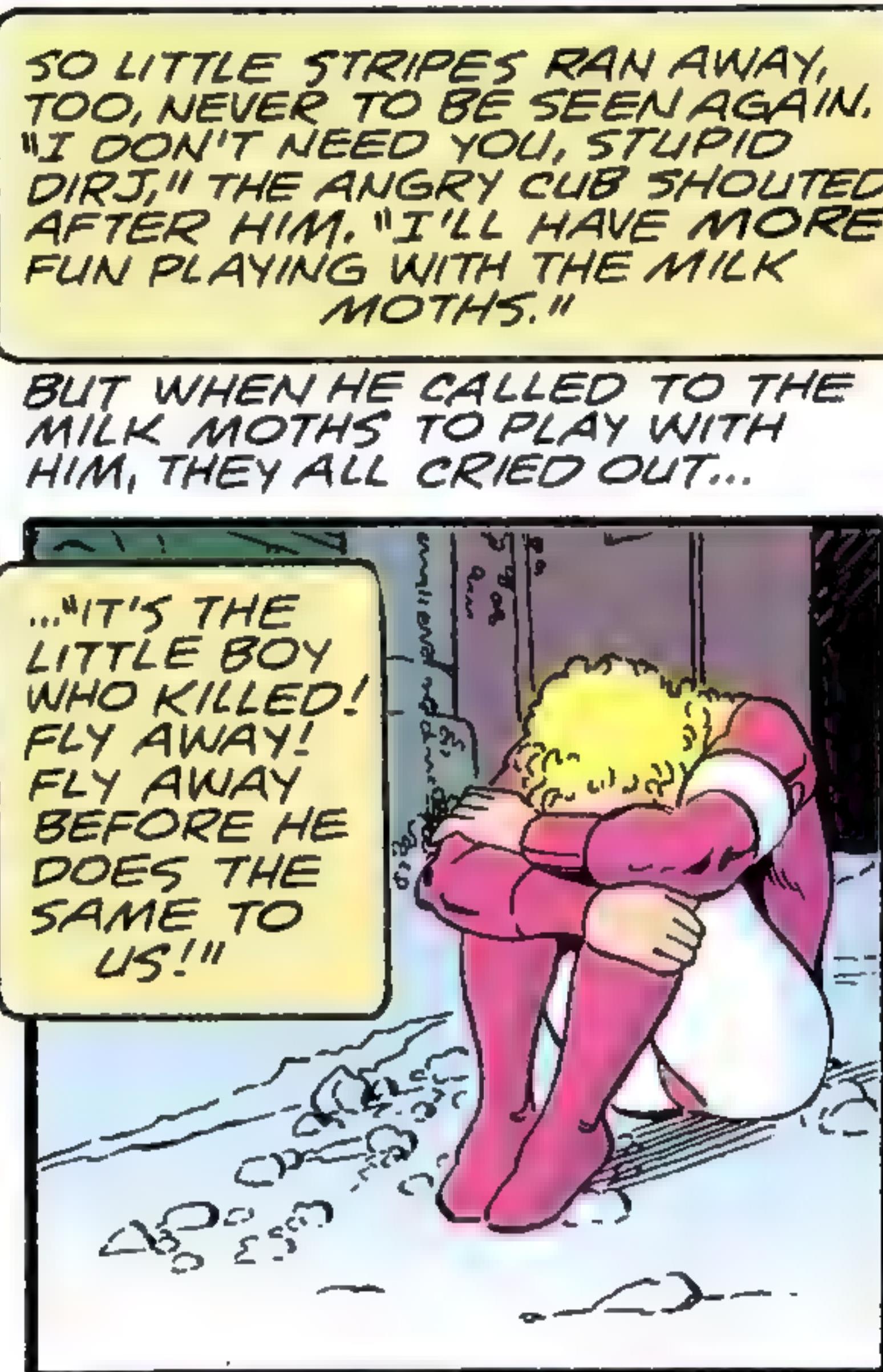
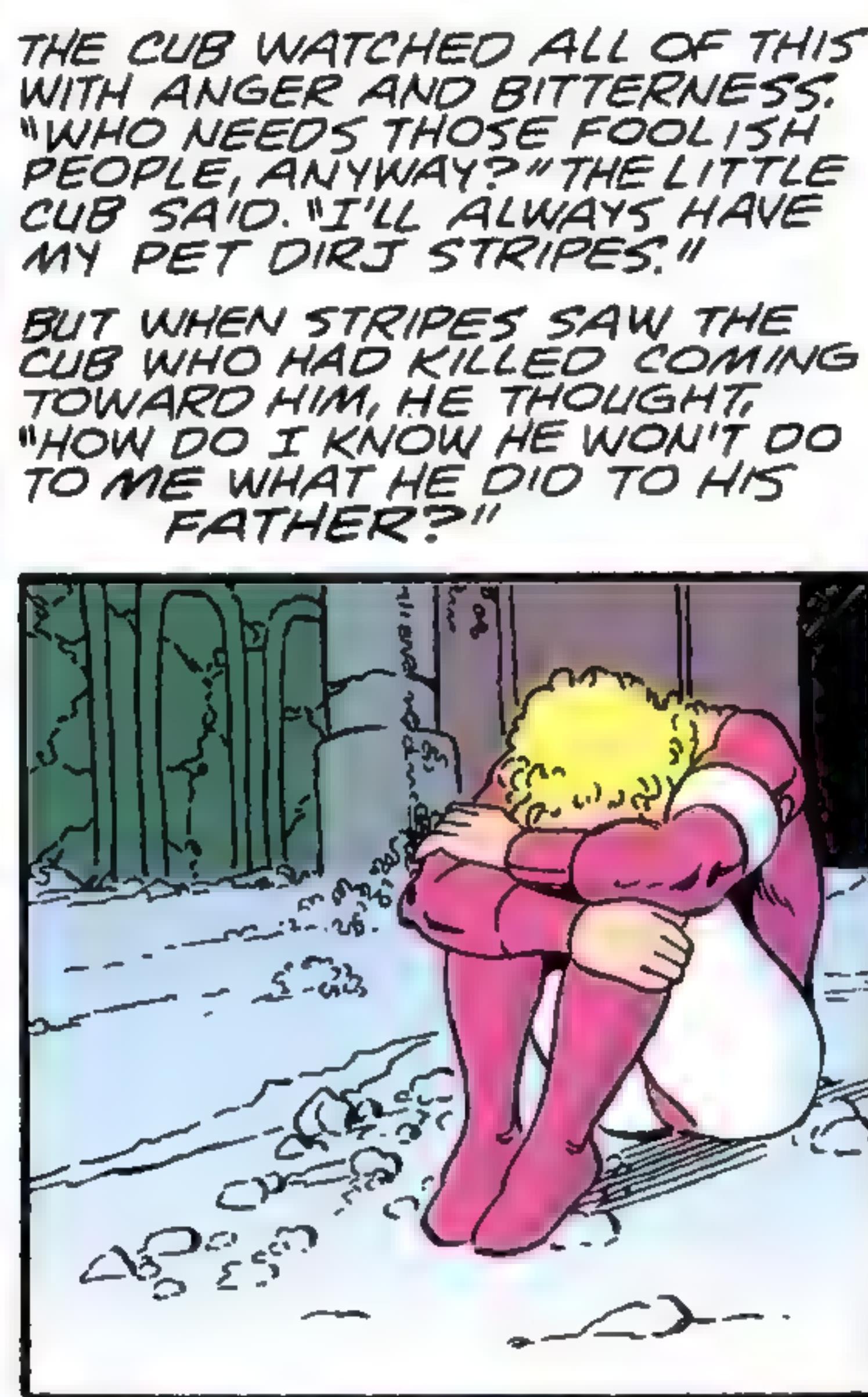
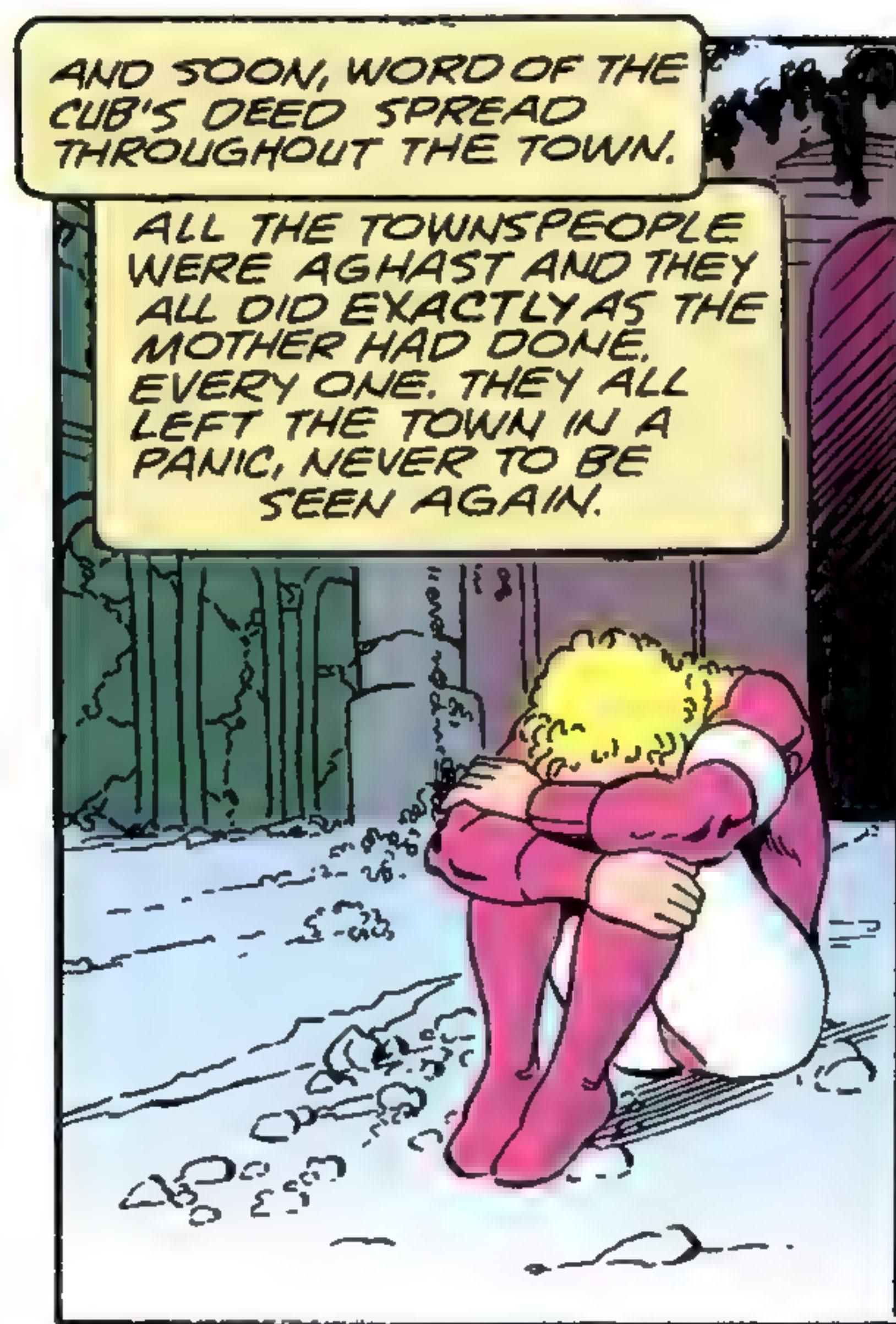
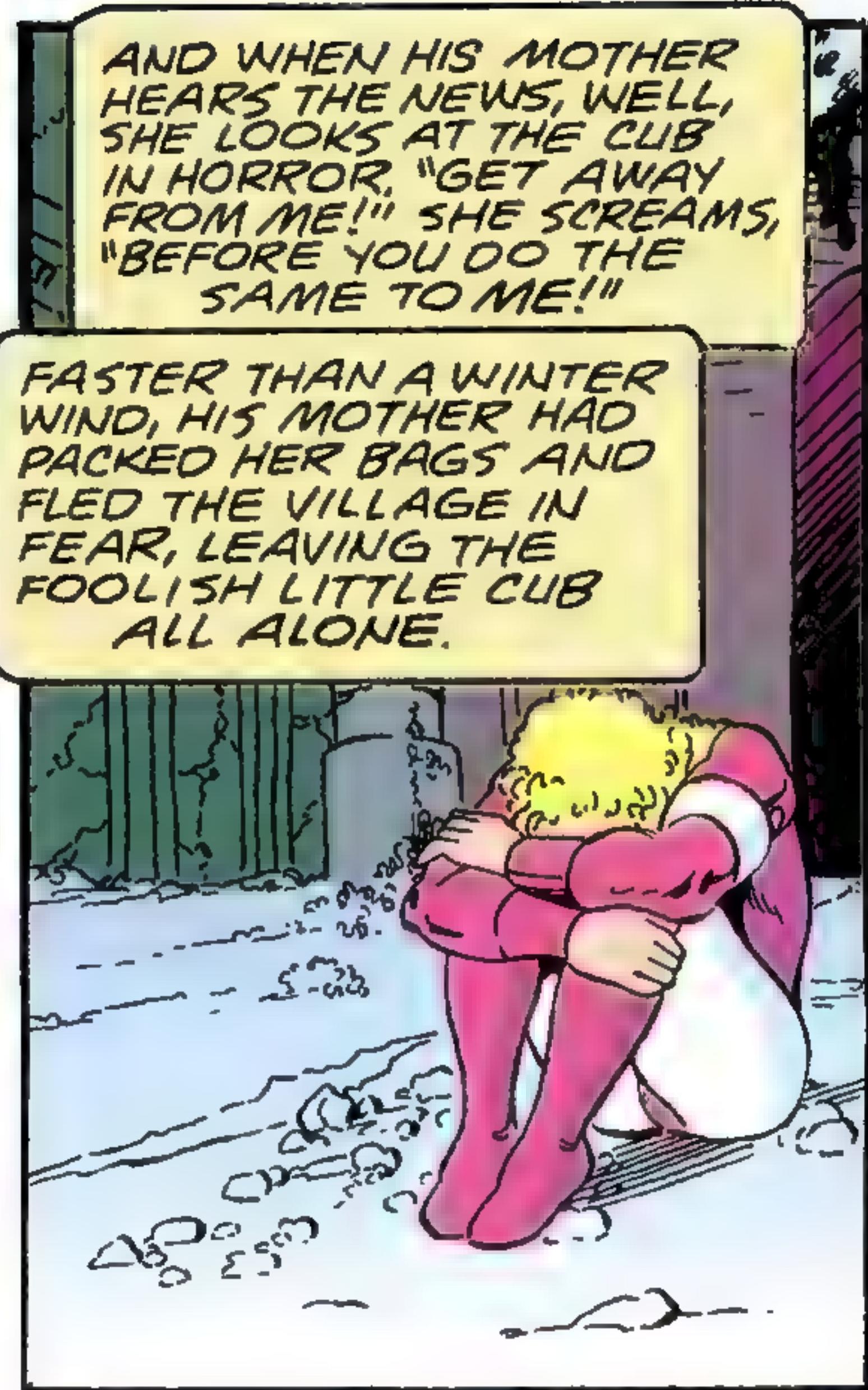
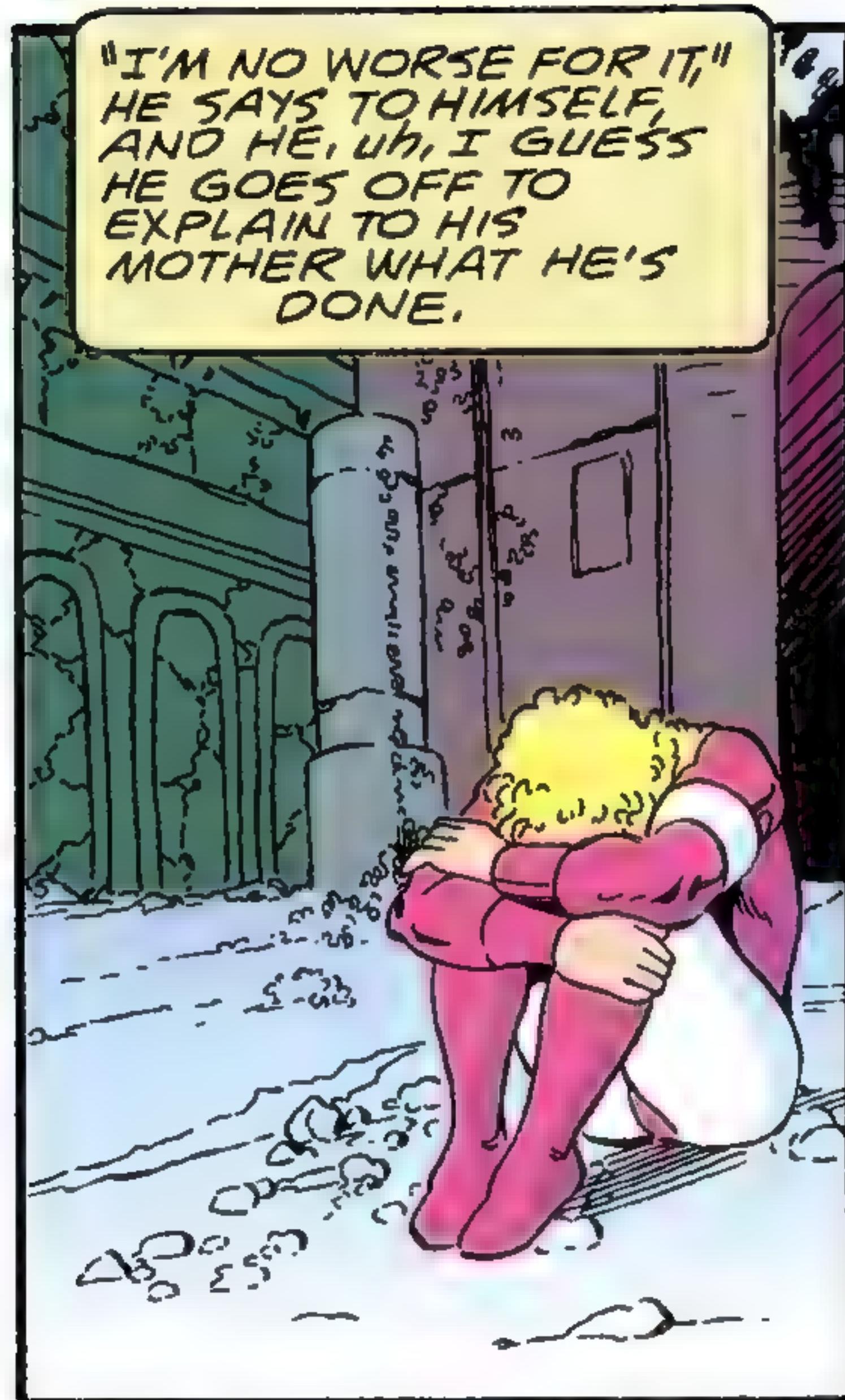
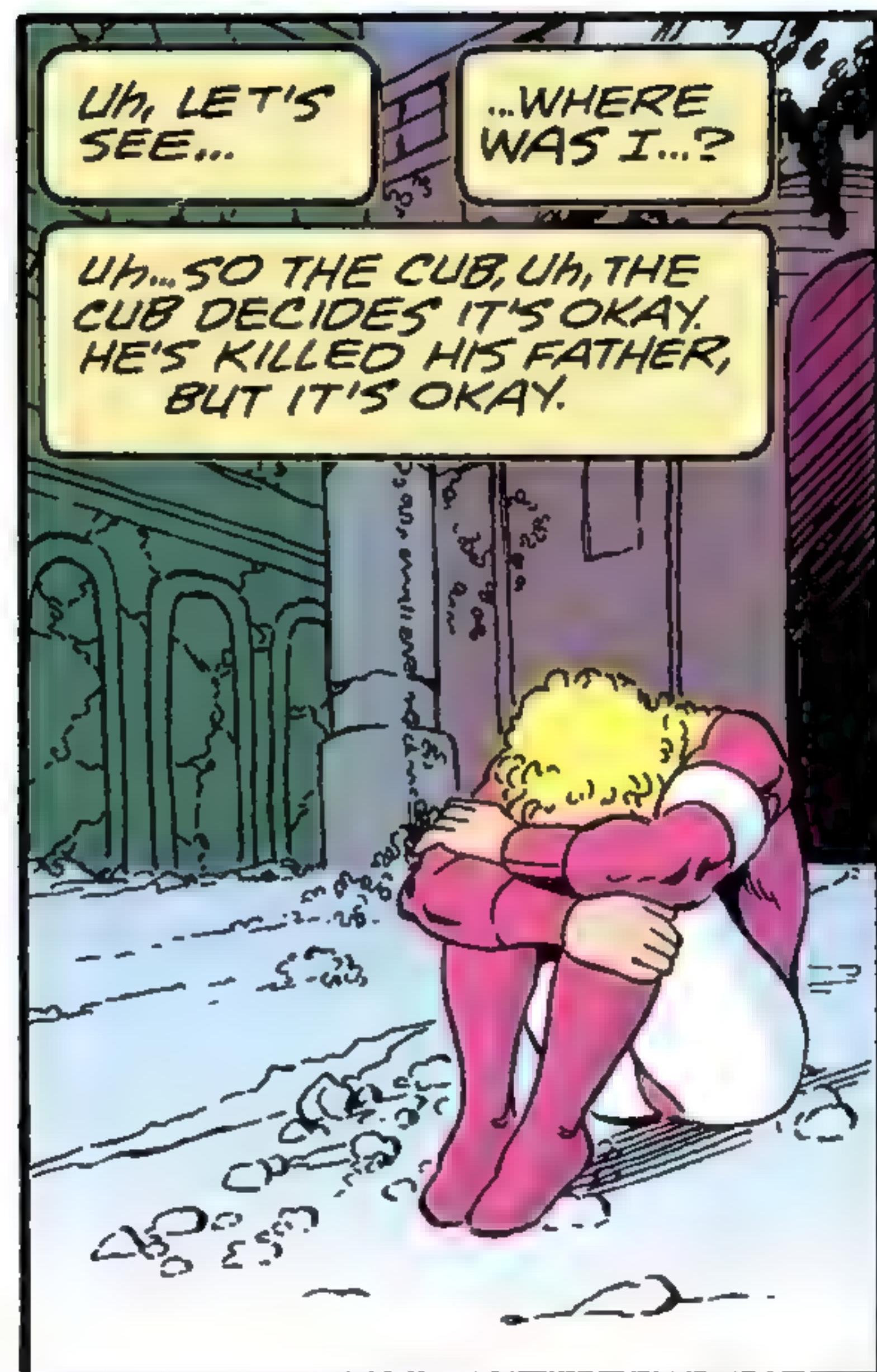


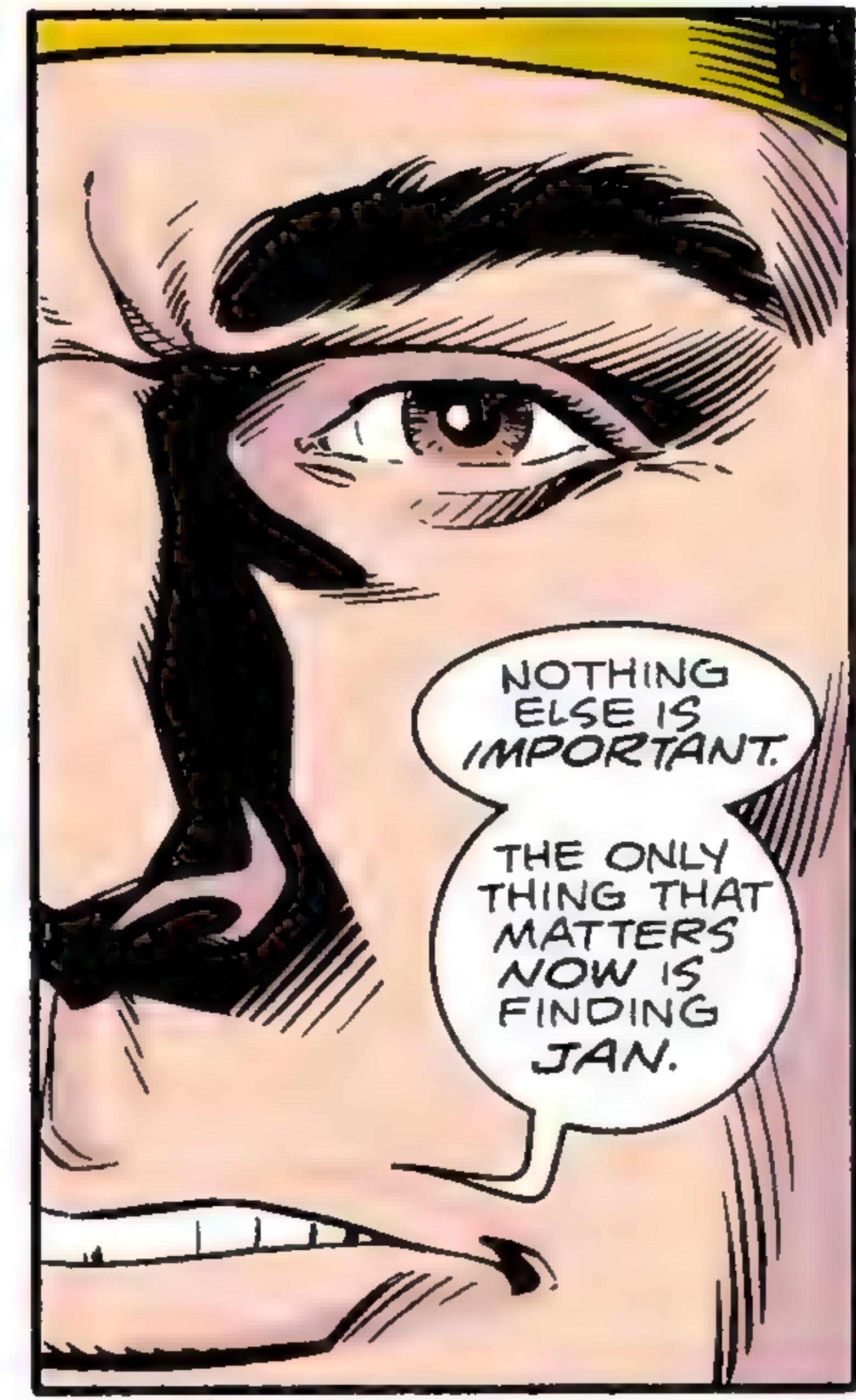
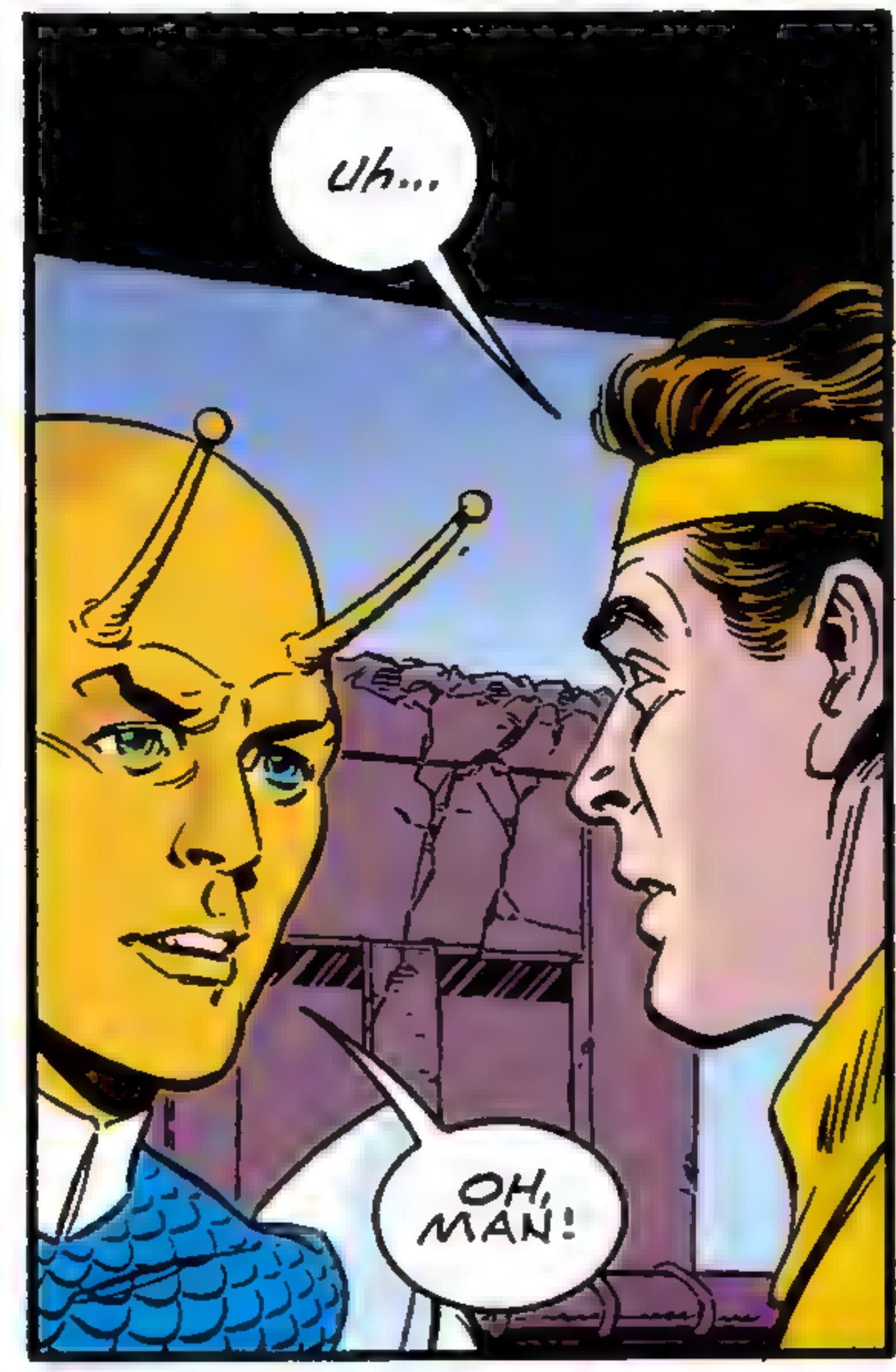
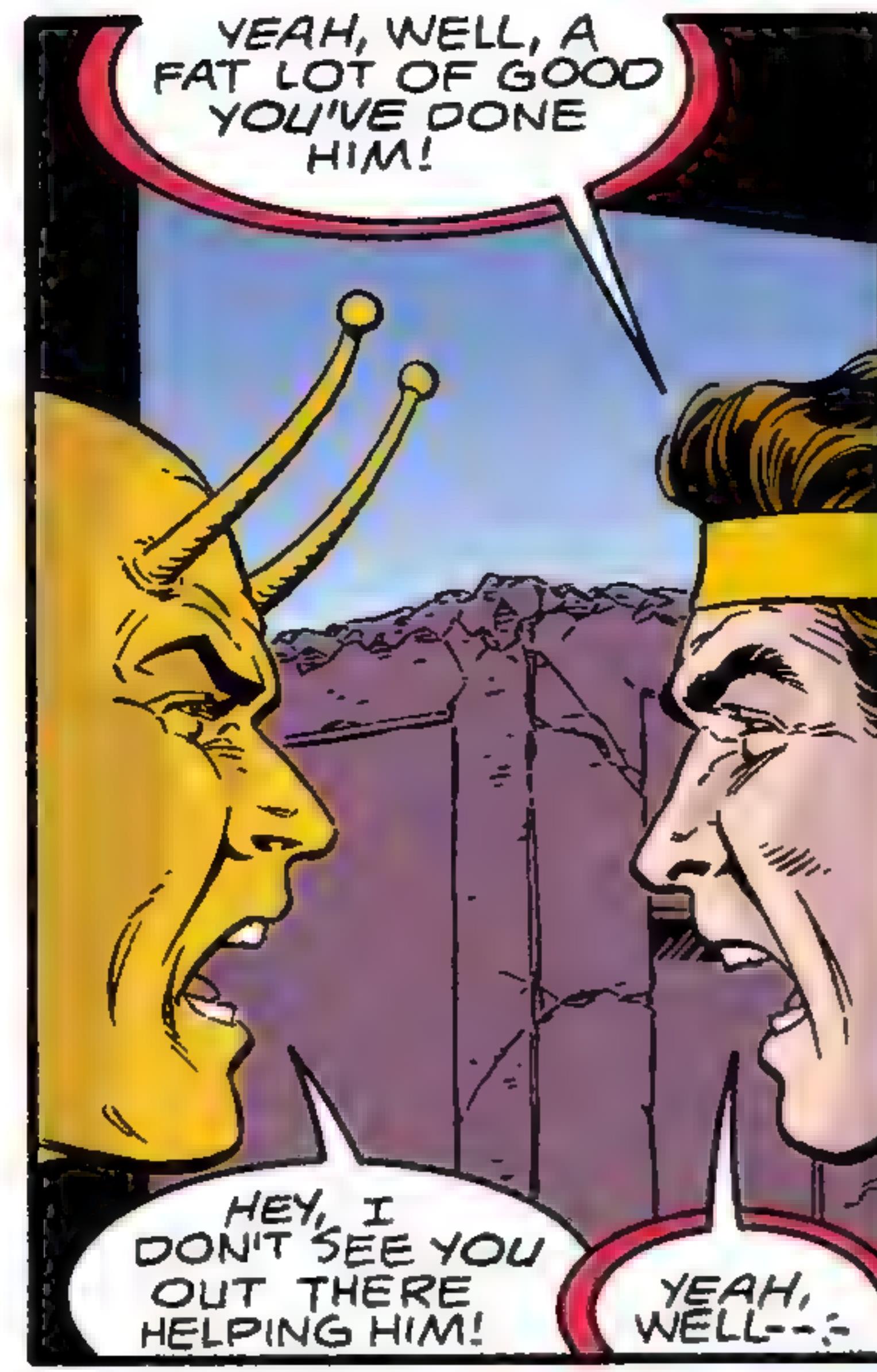
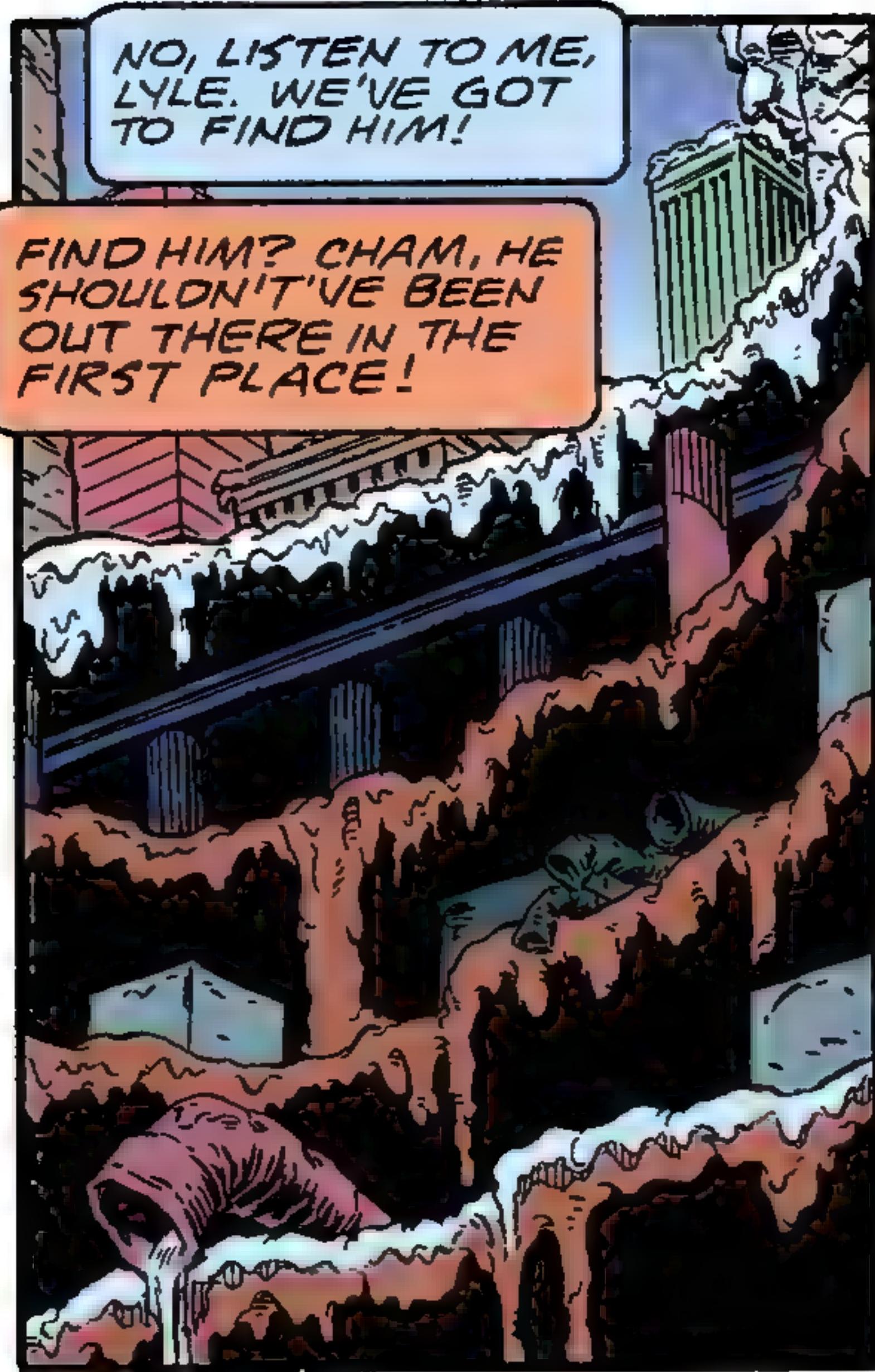












I TOLD YOU. THAT STORY WASN'T WHAT YOU NEEDED TO HEAR RIGHT NOW...

ACTUALLY, JAN...
...IT WAS EXACTLY WHAT I NEEDED TO HEAR.

HEY, IT'S LIKE YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO TELL ME...

SHVAUGHN,
WHAT'S THE
COAT
FOR?

...I'VE GOTTA LEARN TO MAKE IT ON MY OWN. AND NOW'S AS GOOD A TIME AS ANY TO START.

SHVAUGHN, I'M HERE TO HELP YOU THROUGH THIS.

YEAH,
THAT'S TRUE,
BUT YOU AREN'T GOING TO BE HERE FOREVER, ARE YOU?

SEE, JAN...MAYBE THIS IS HAPPENING NOW FOR A REASON.

MAYBE I'M REALLY SUPPOSED TO DO THIS ALONE.

MAYBE I'VE GOTTA LEARN TO DO A LOT OF THINGS ALONE.

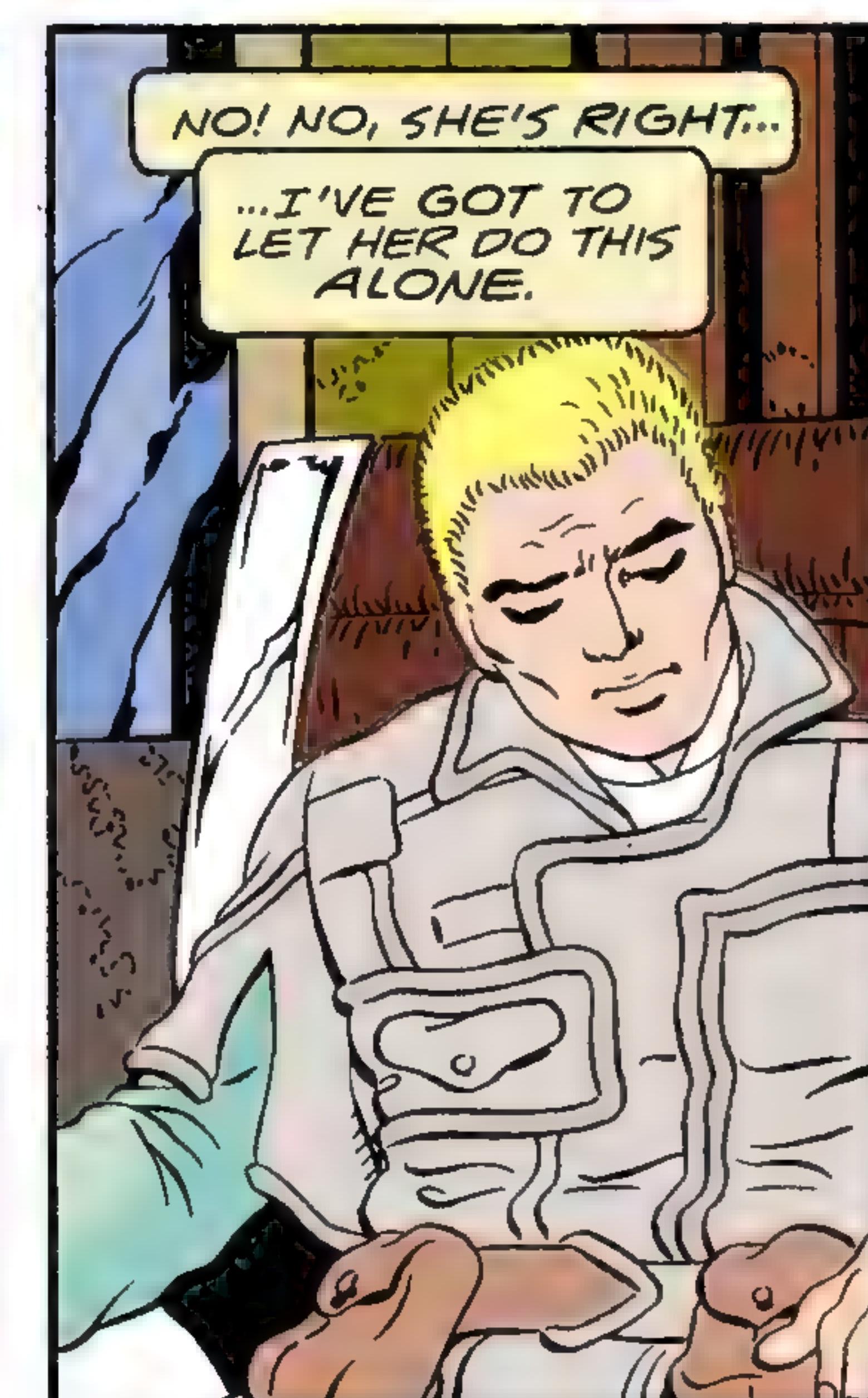
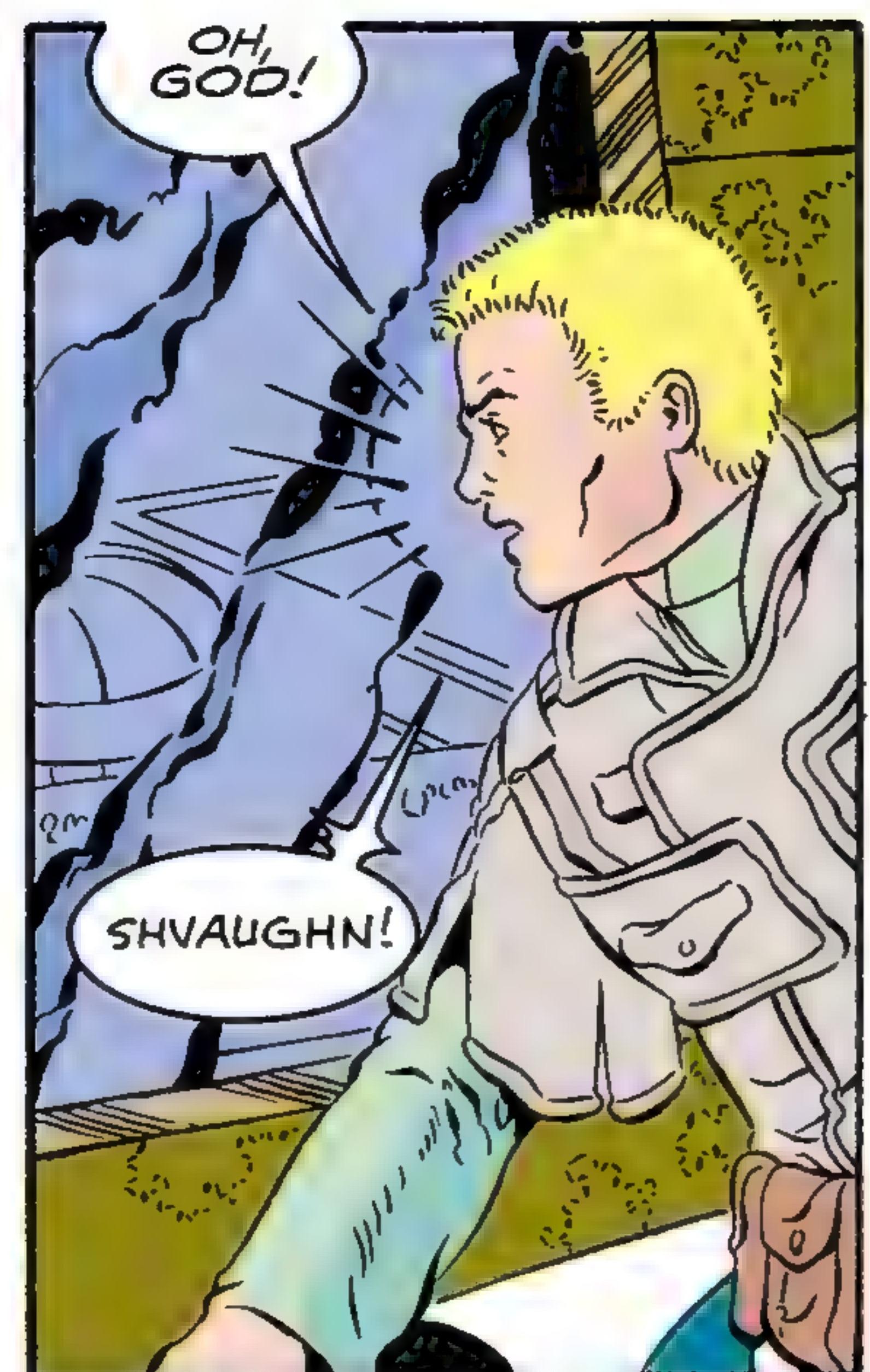
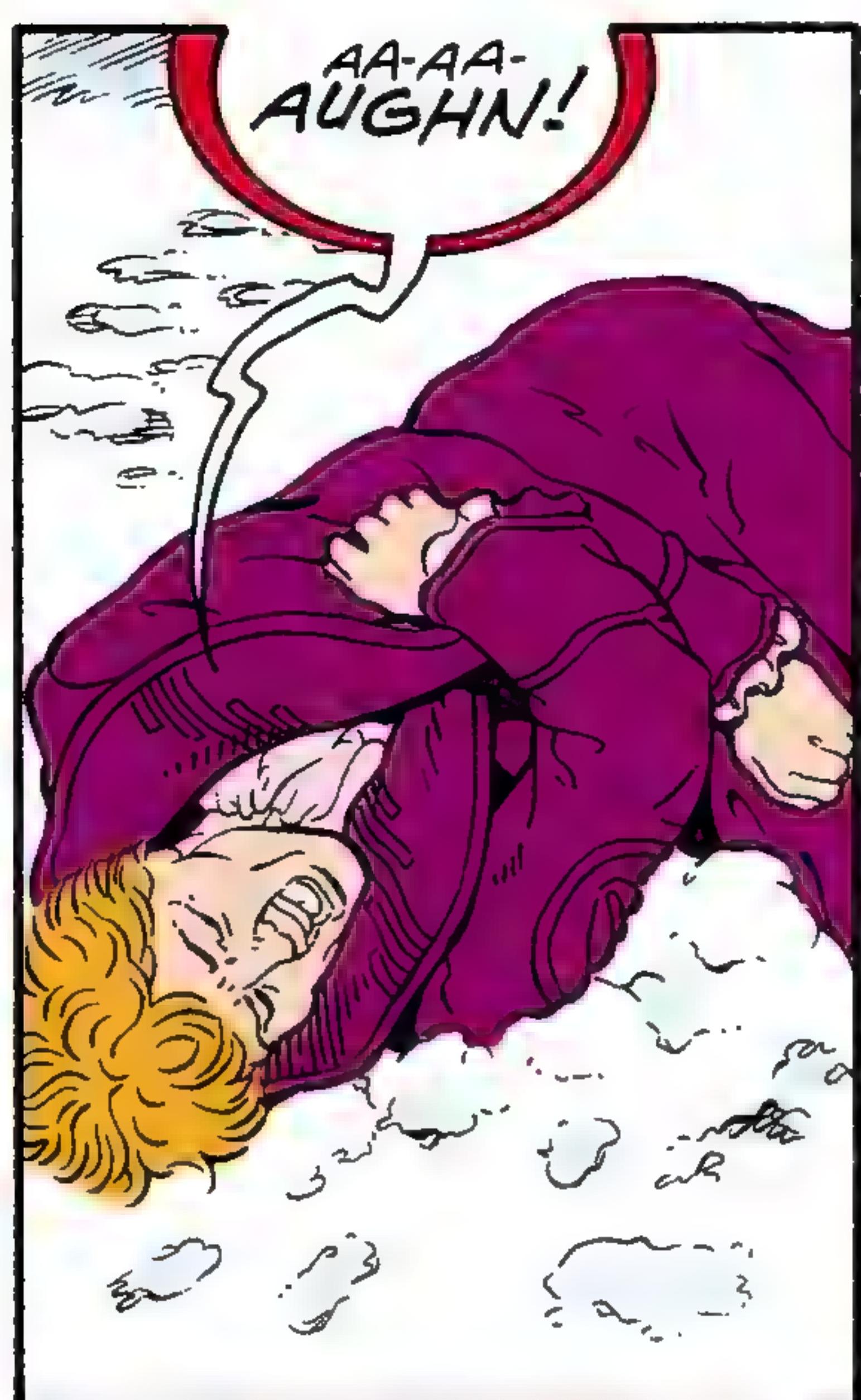
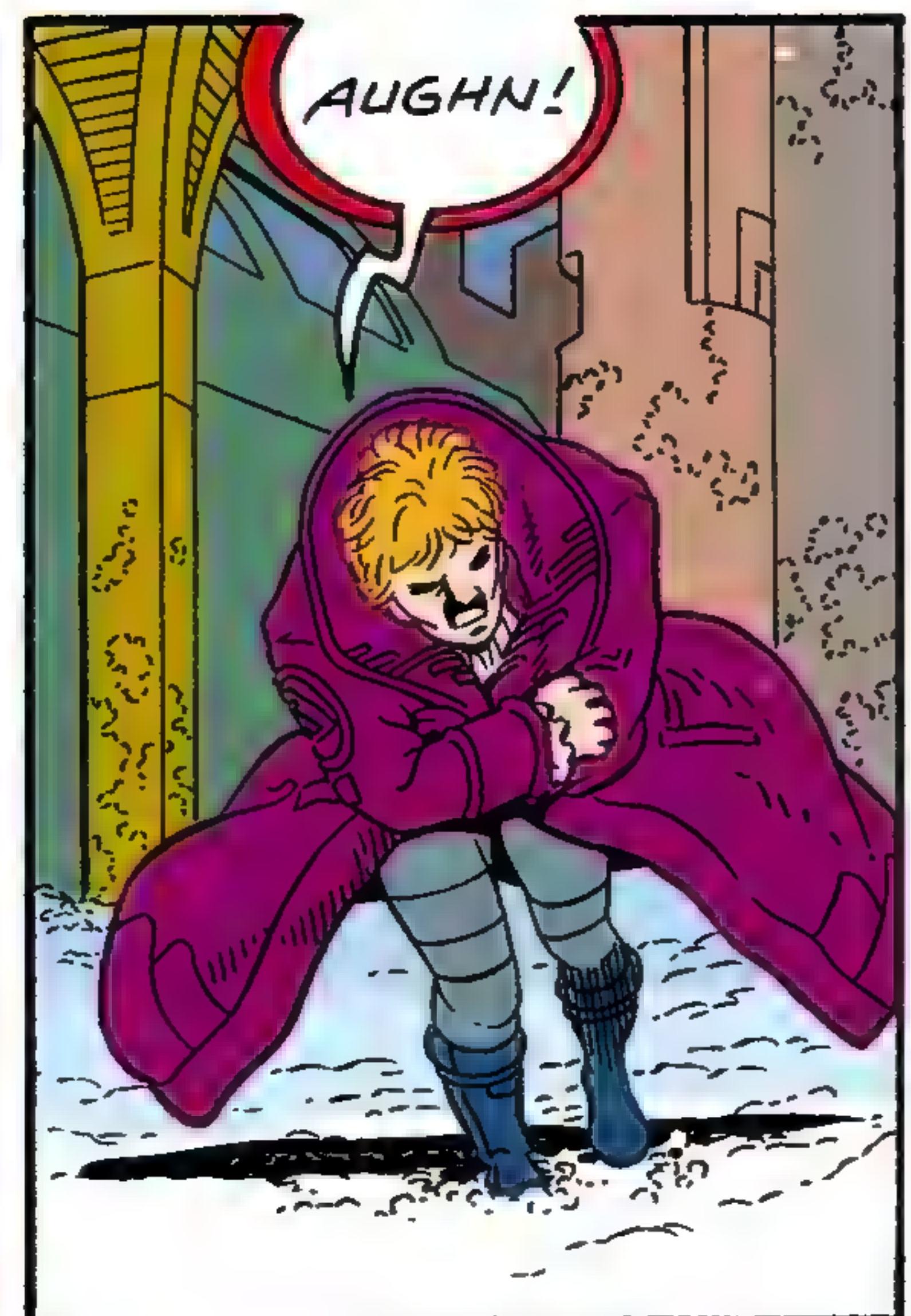
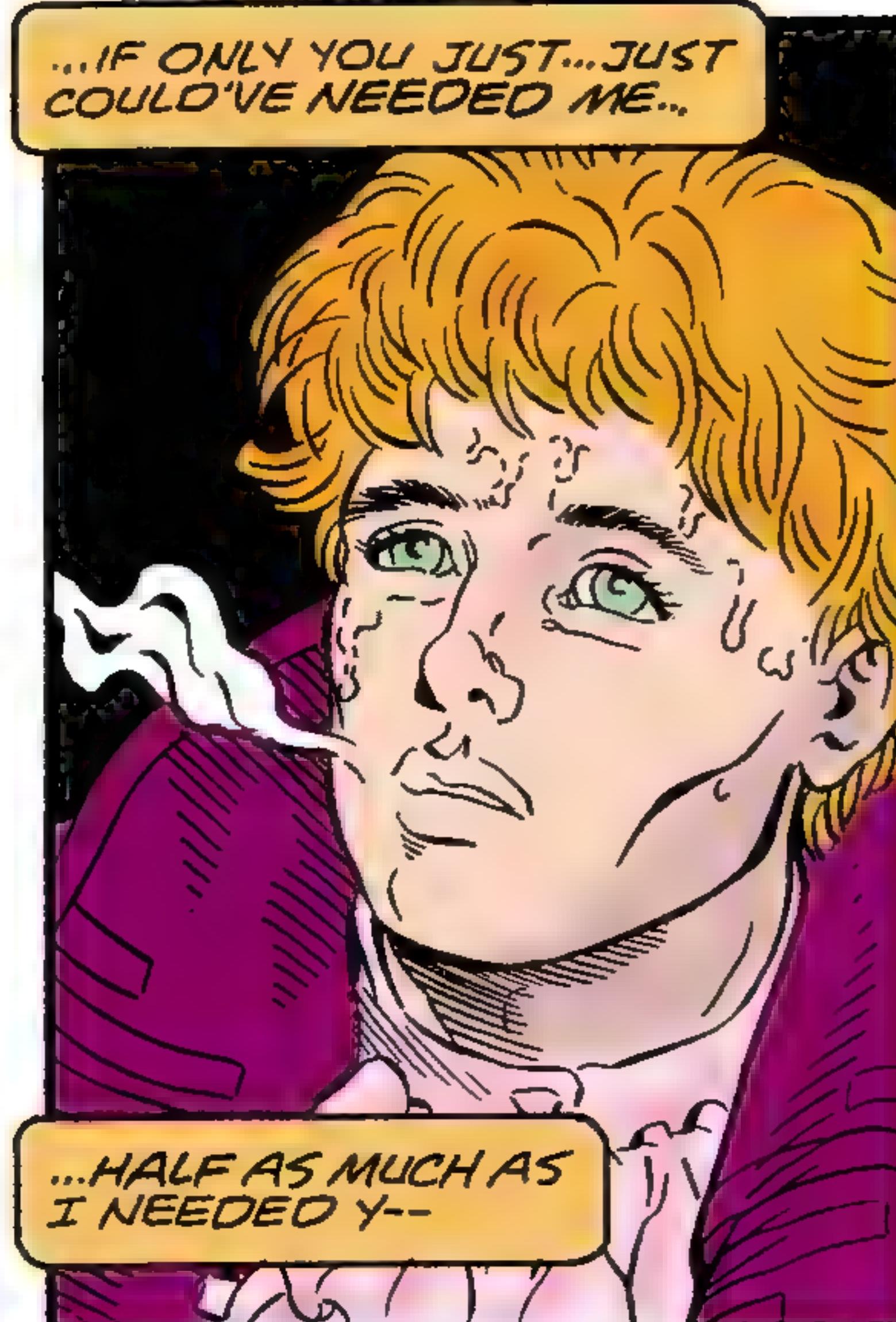
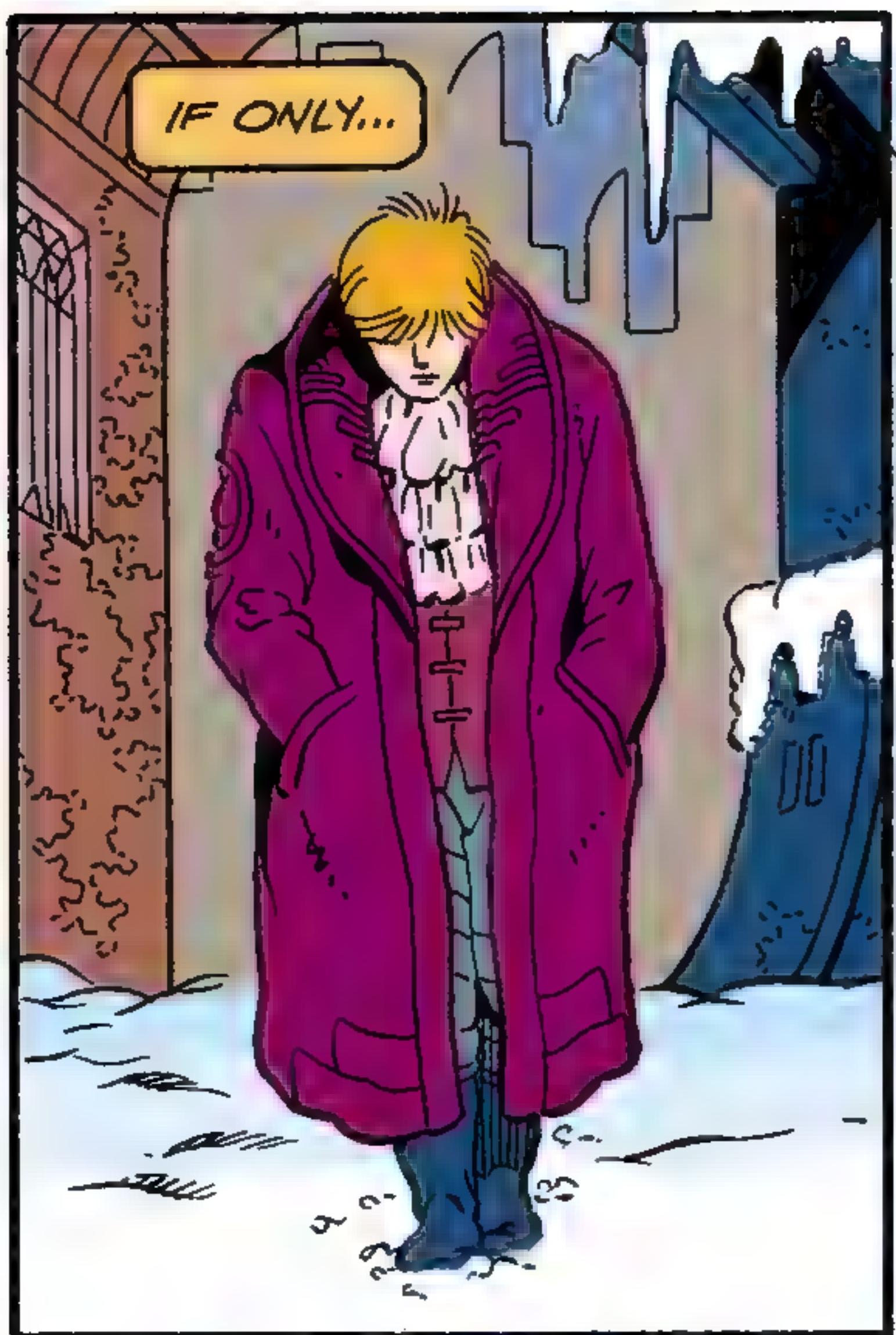
SHVAUGHN,
I...

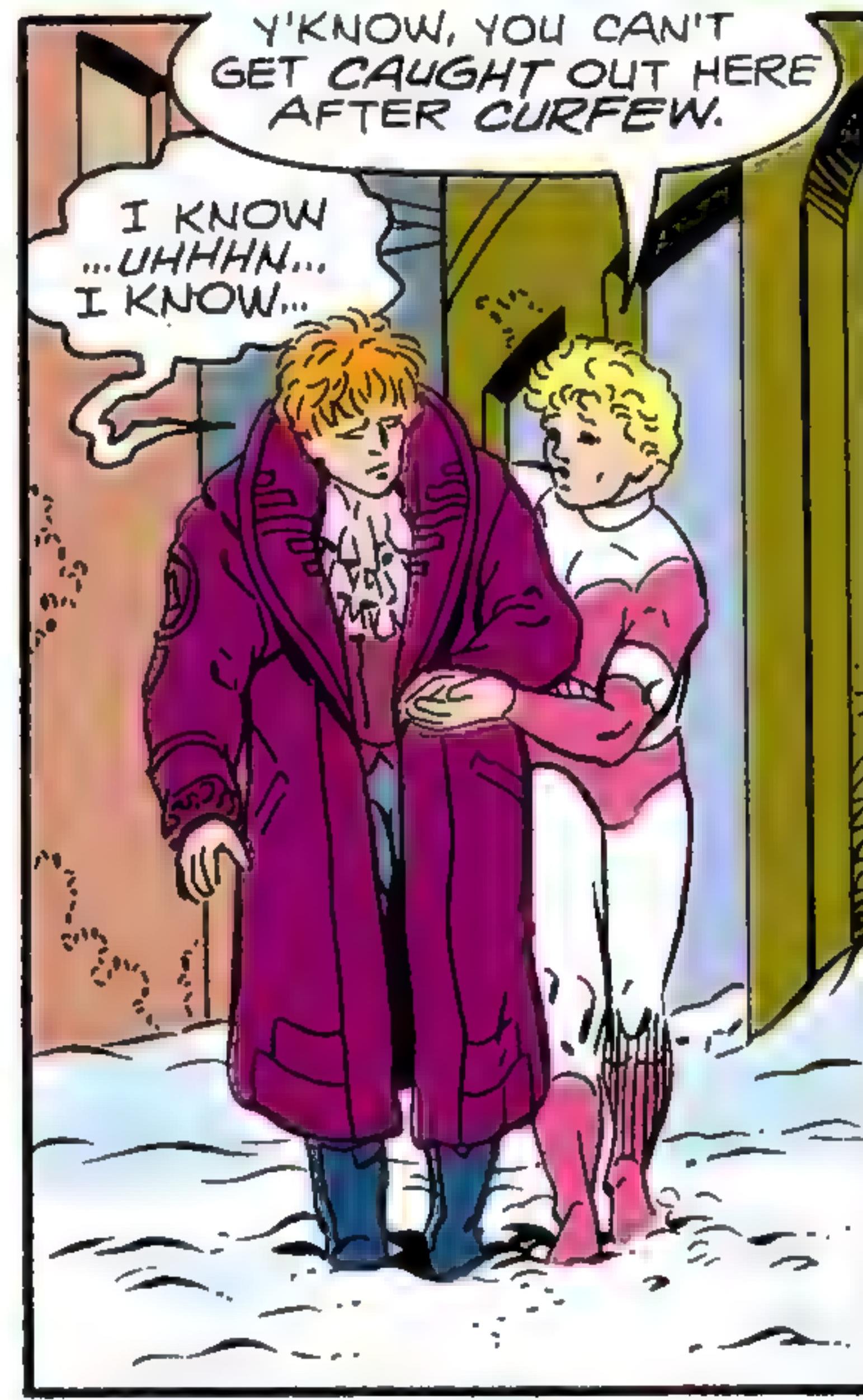
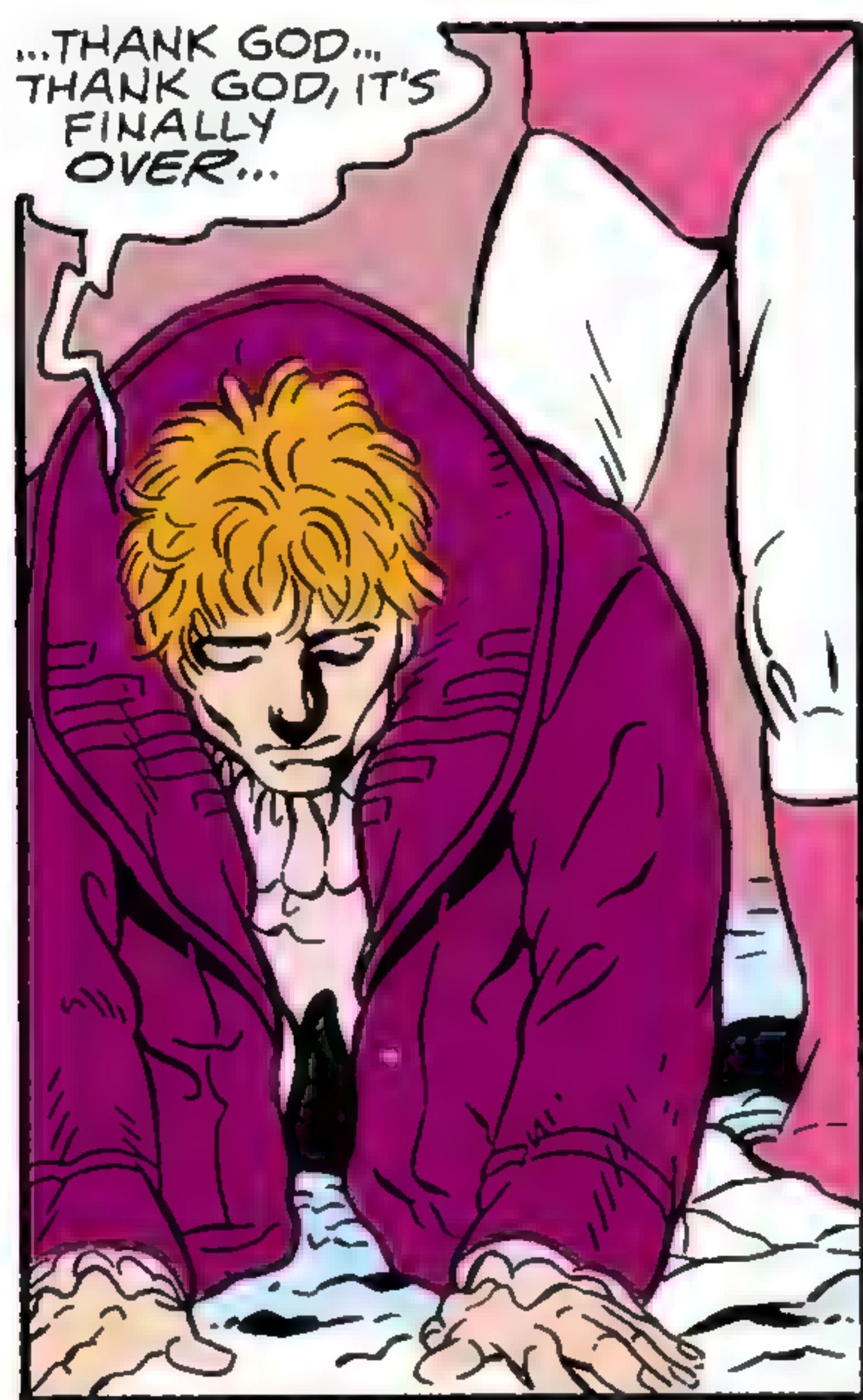
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JAN.

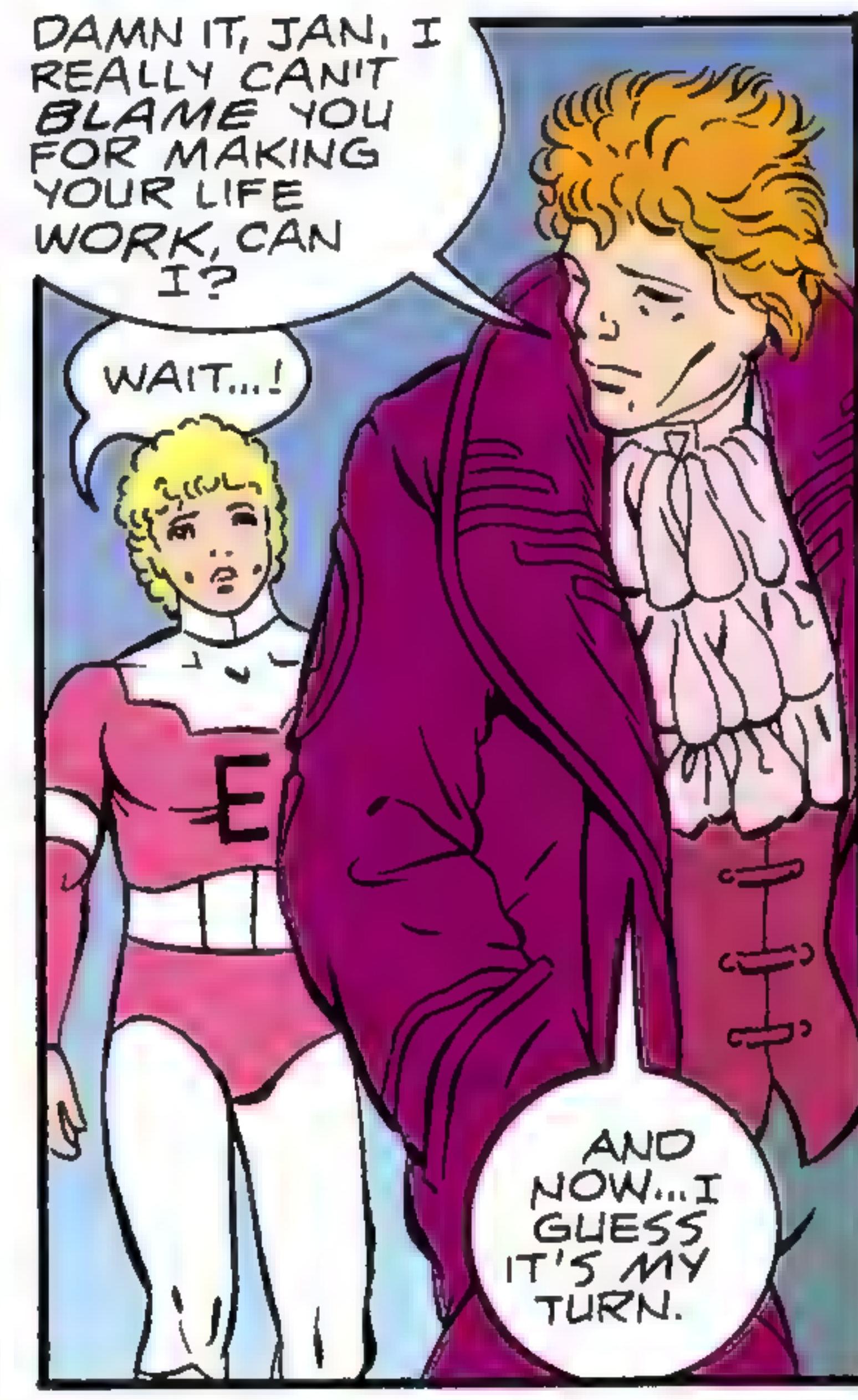
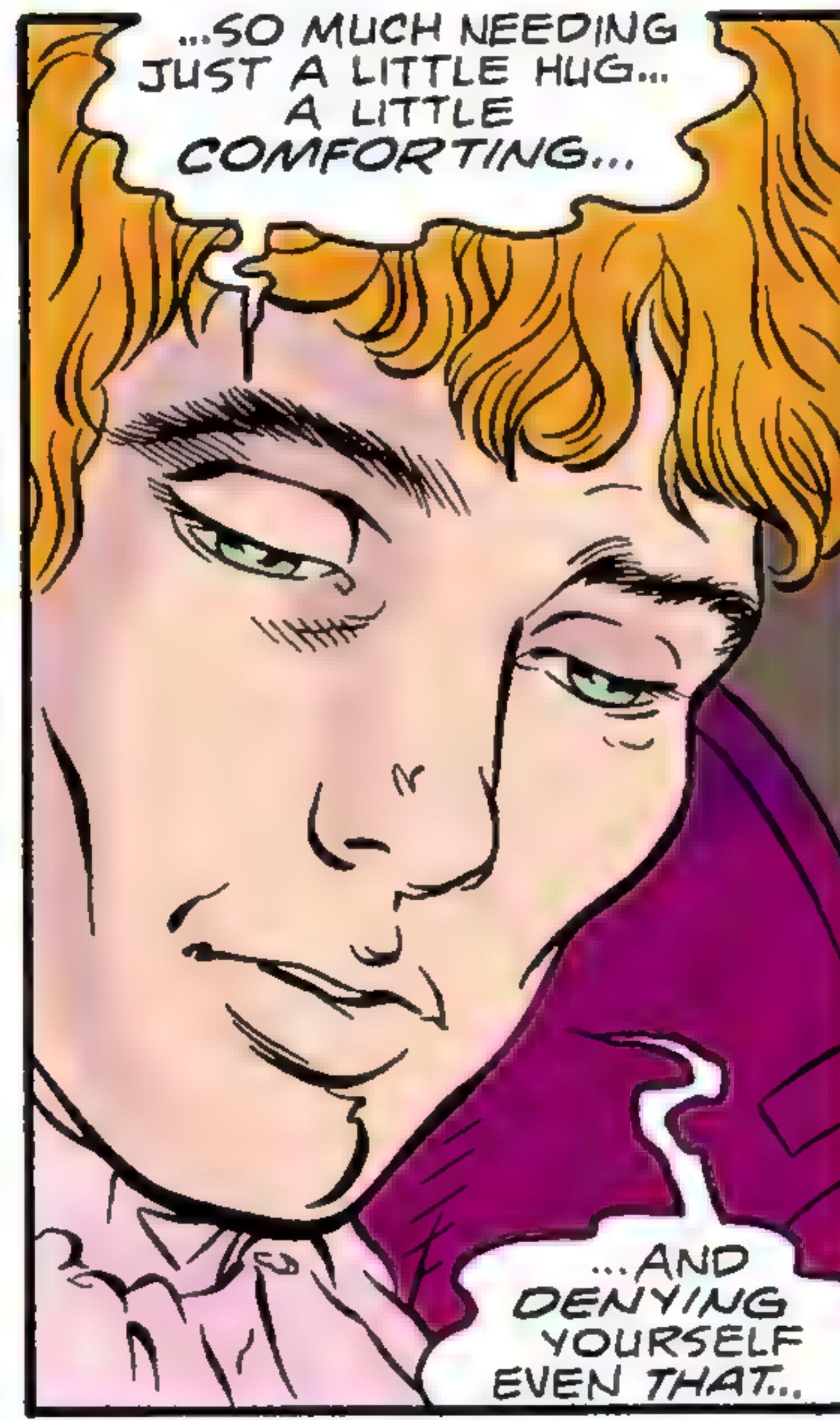
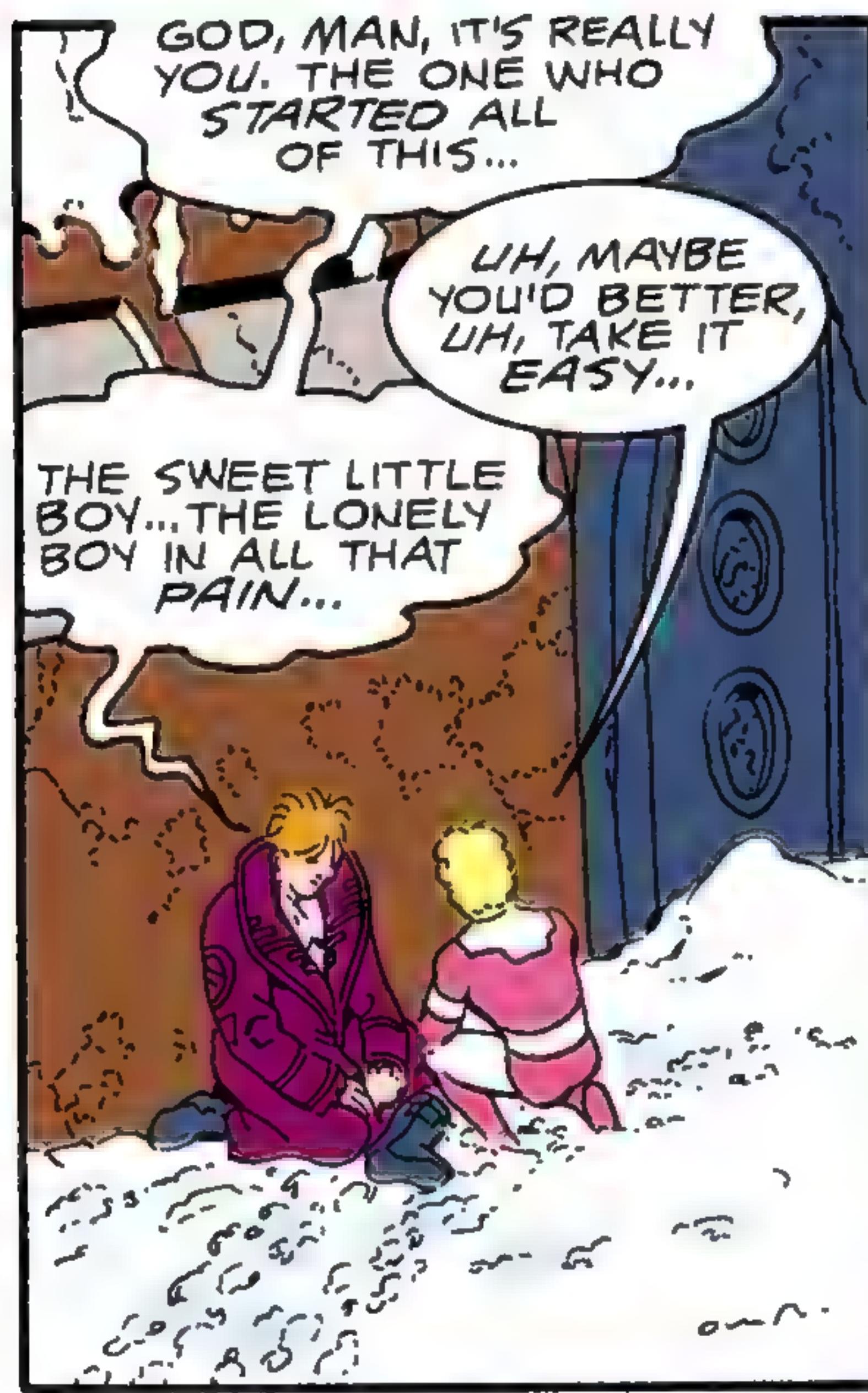
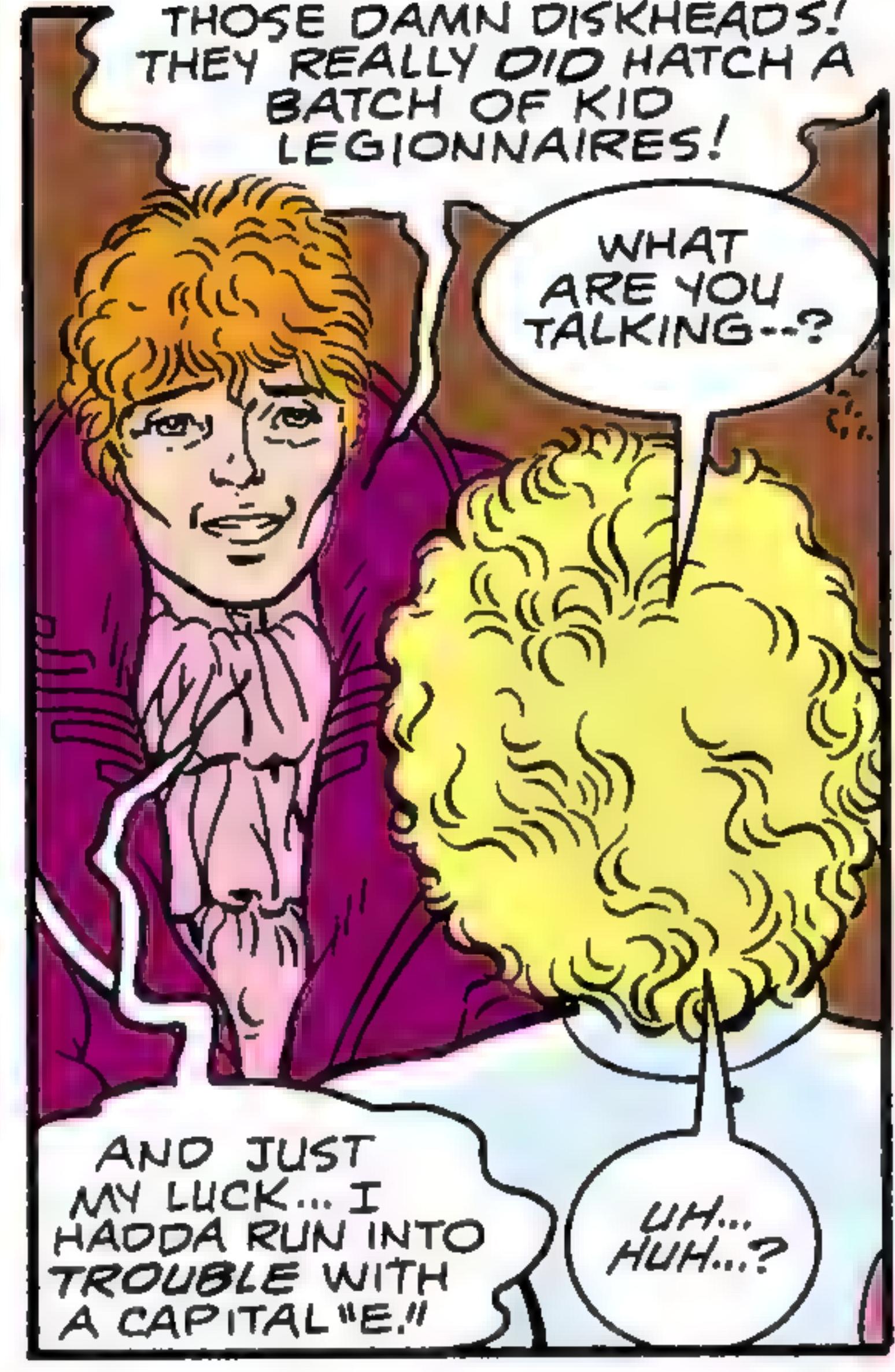
GOOD-BYE,
SHV--

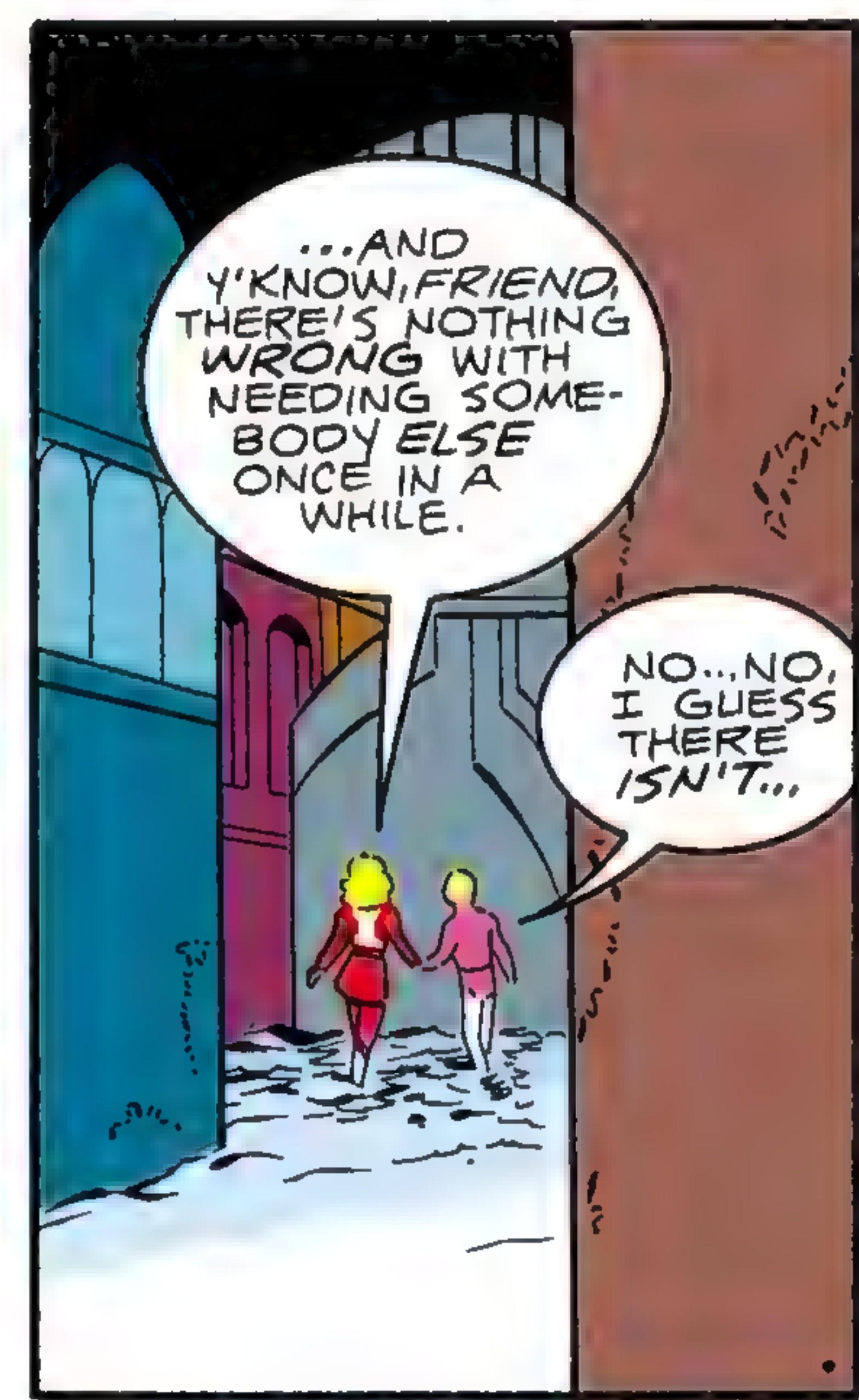
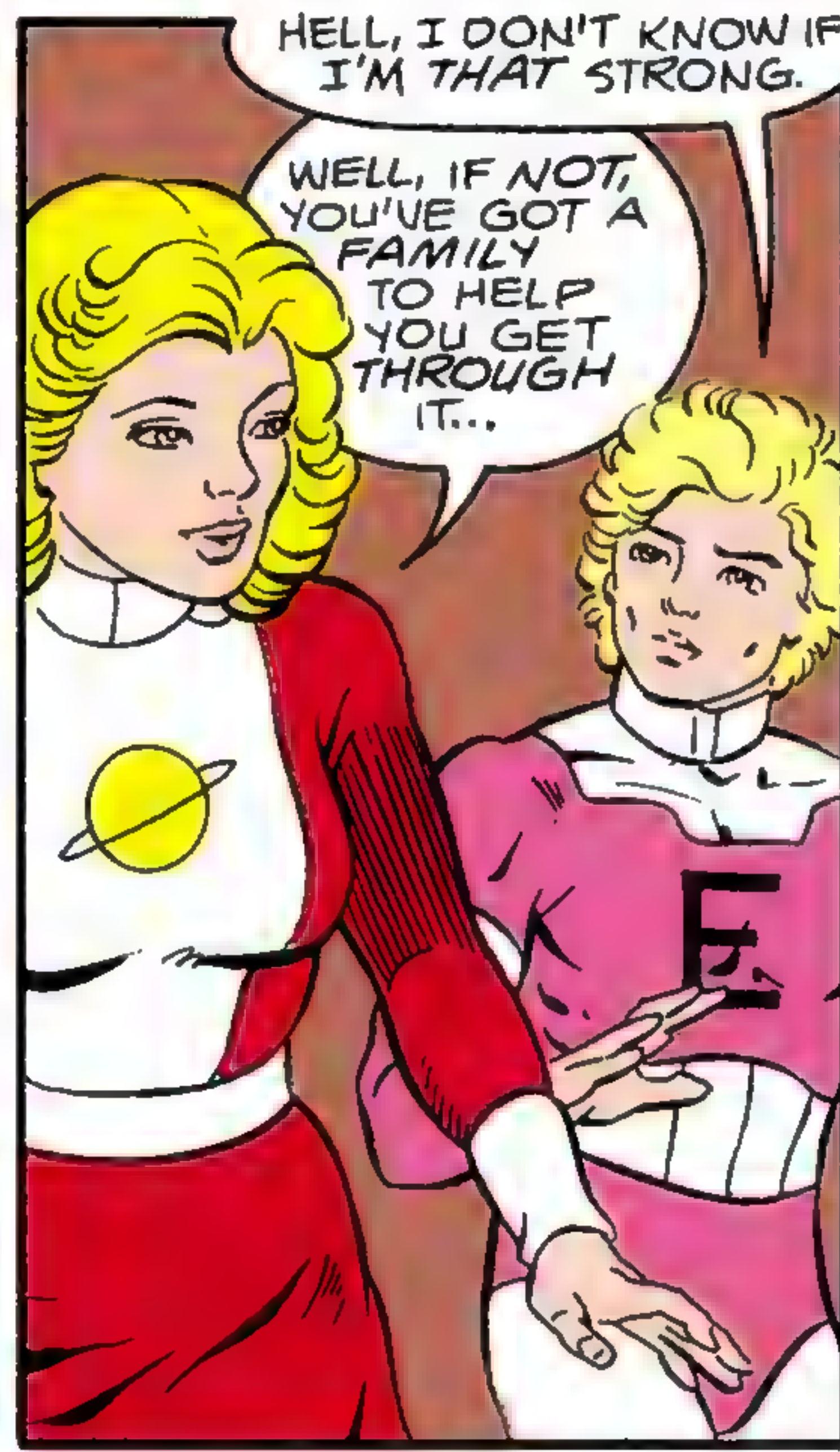
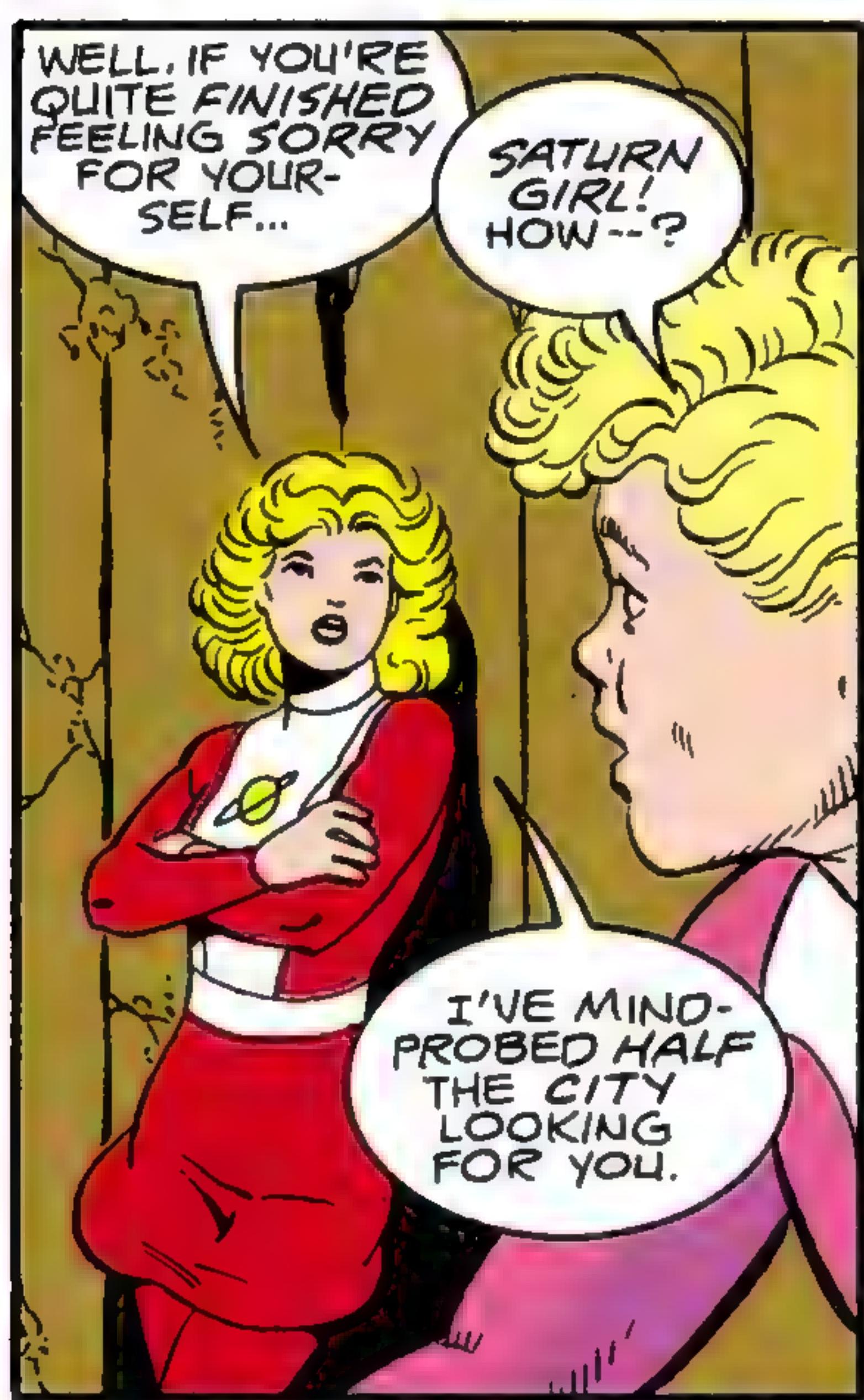
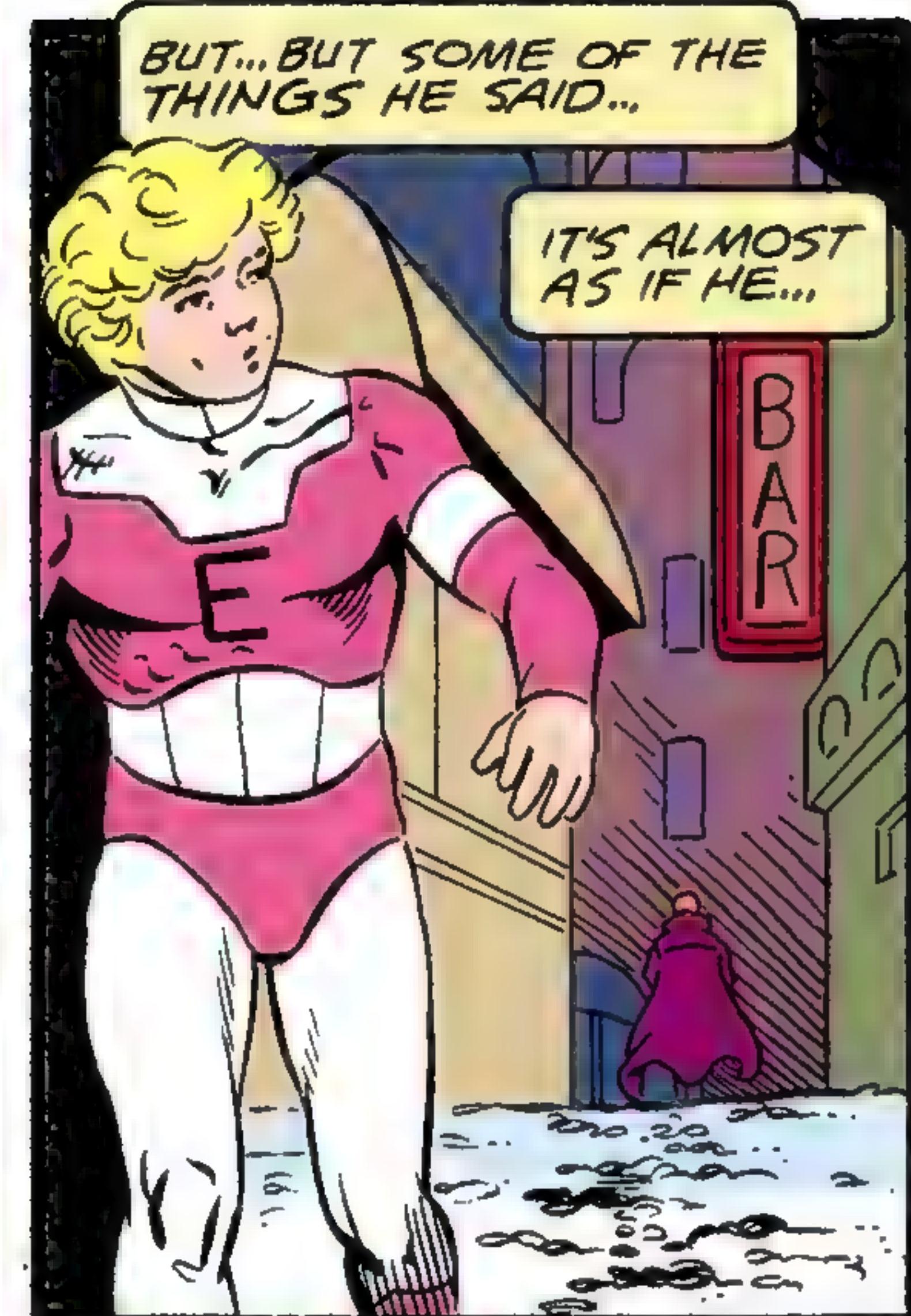
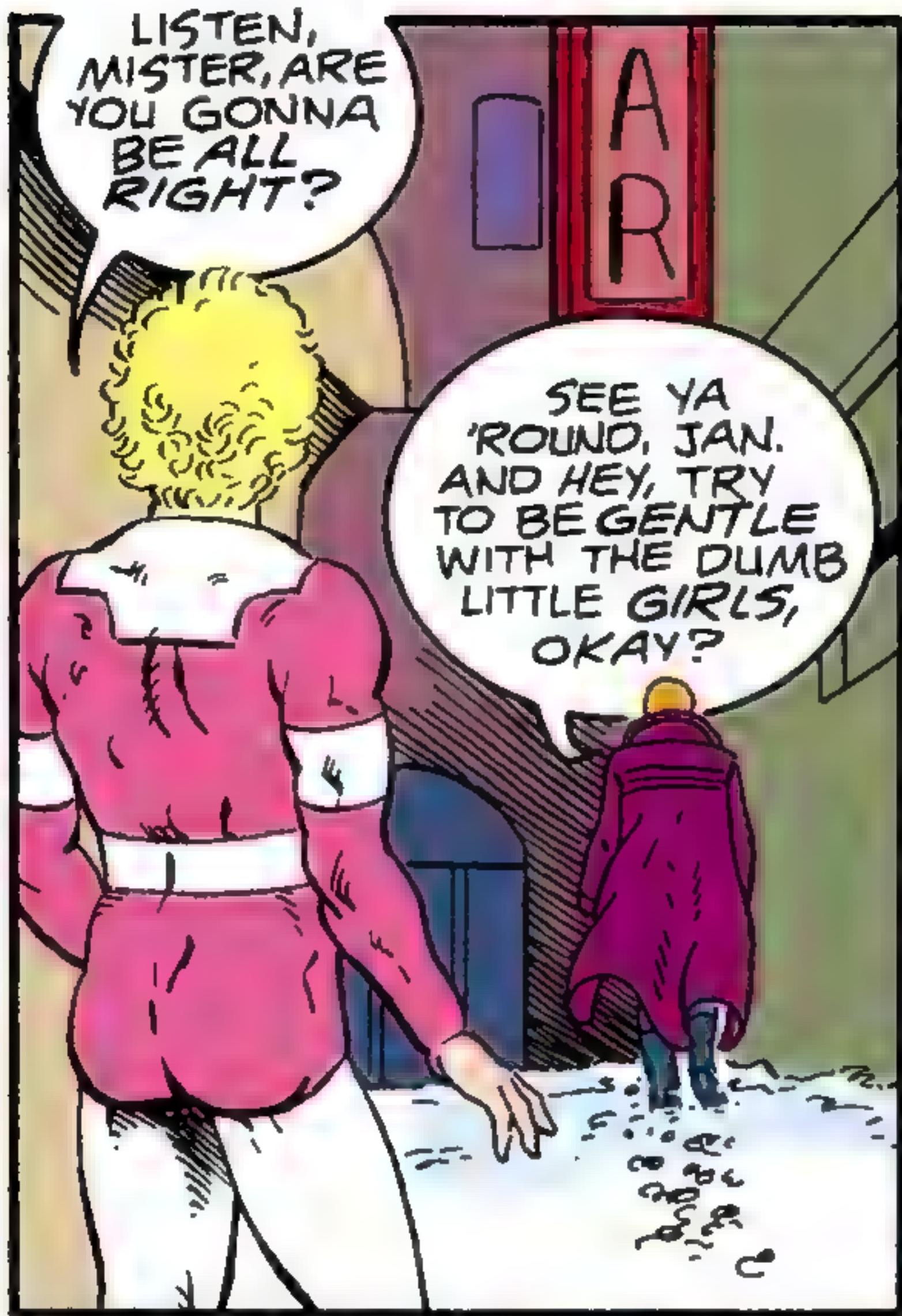
GOOD-BYE,

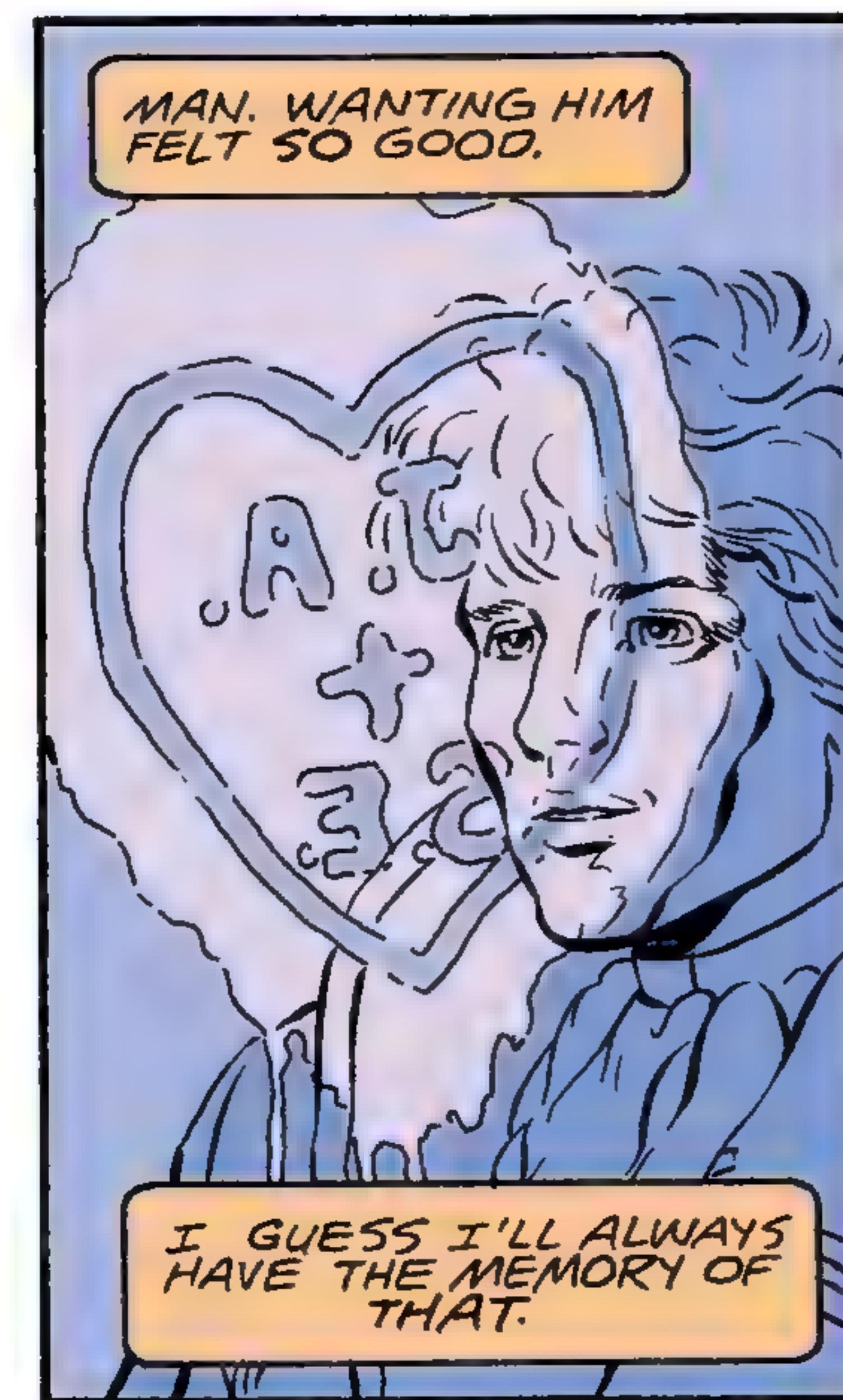
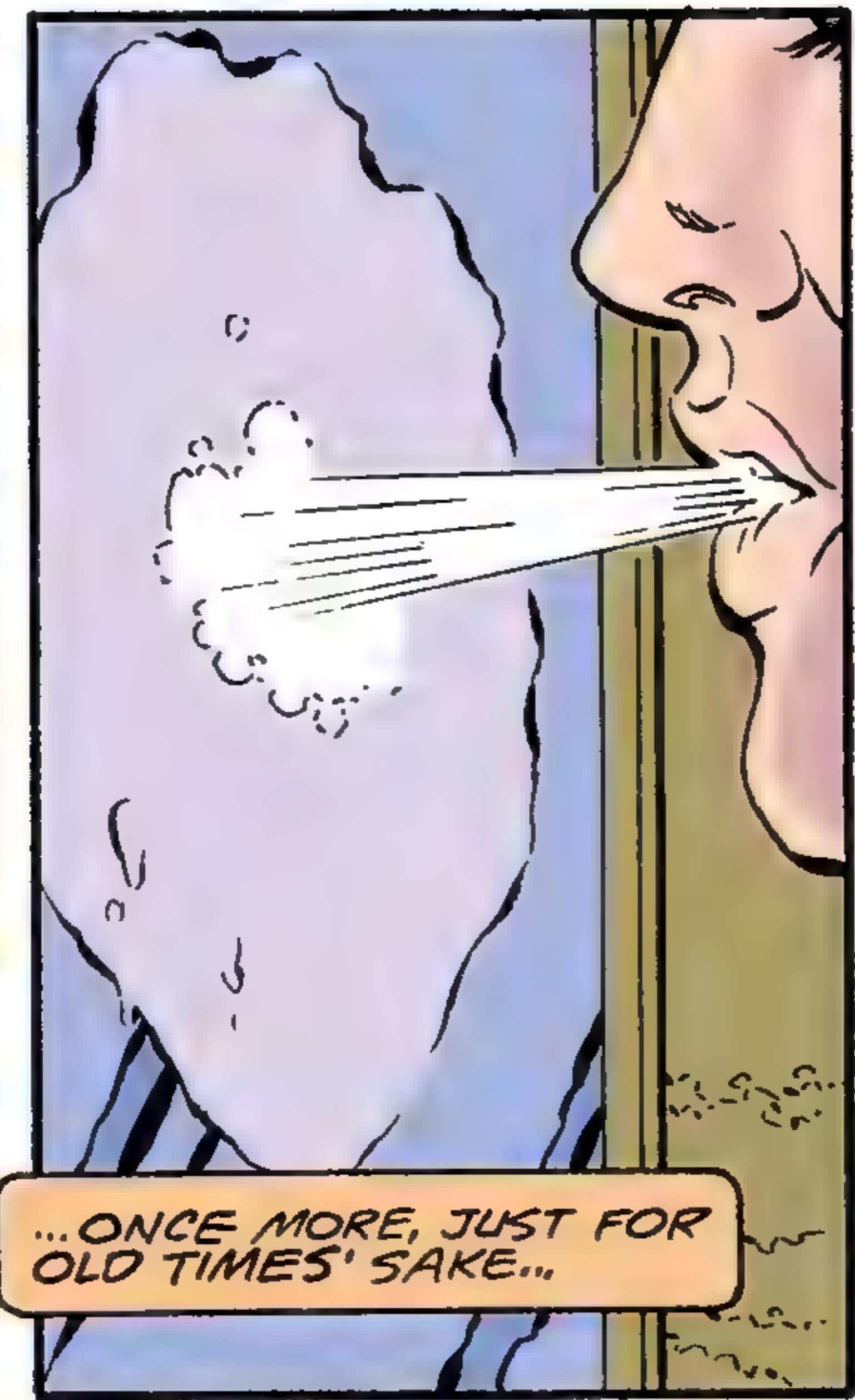
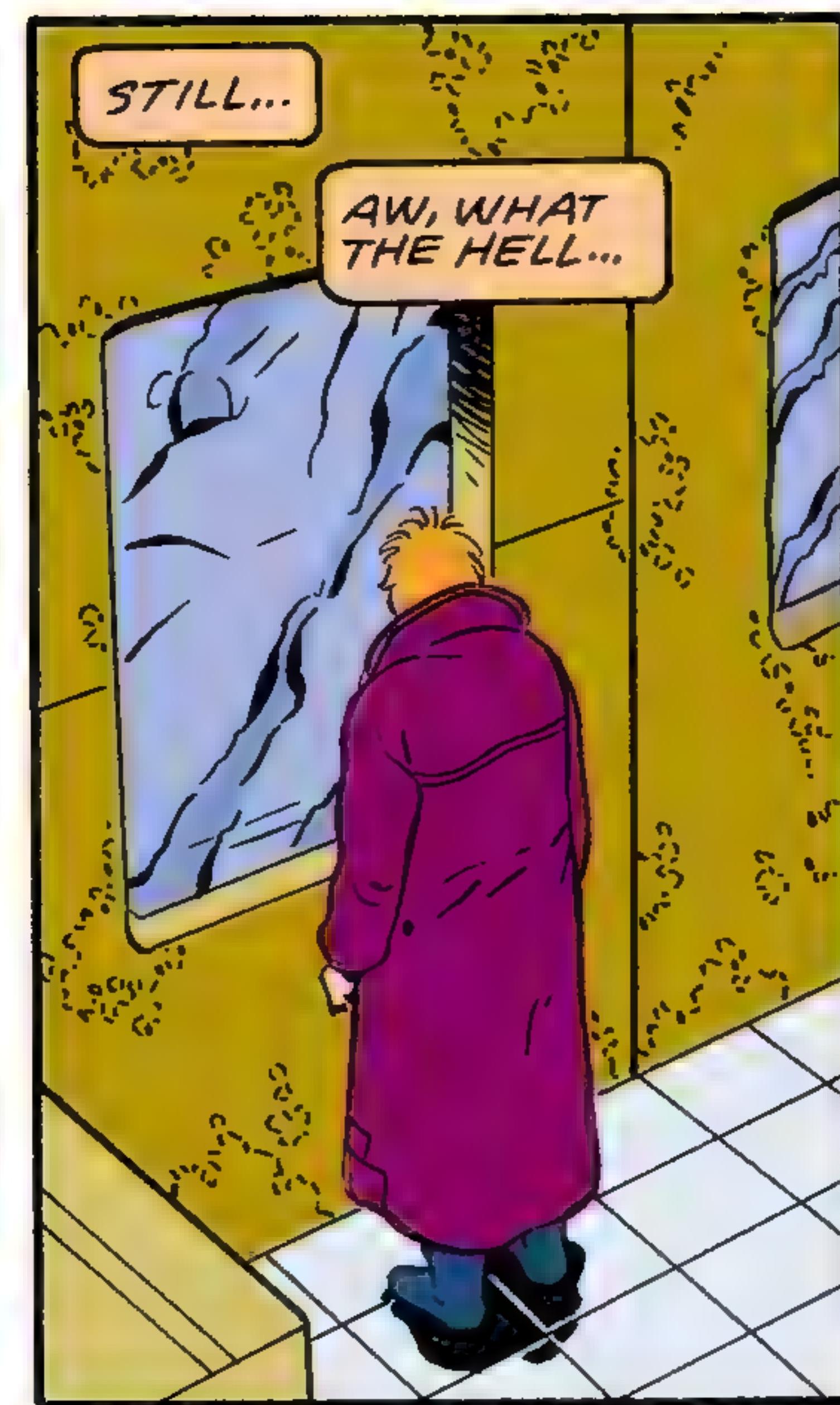
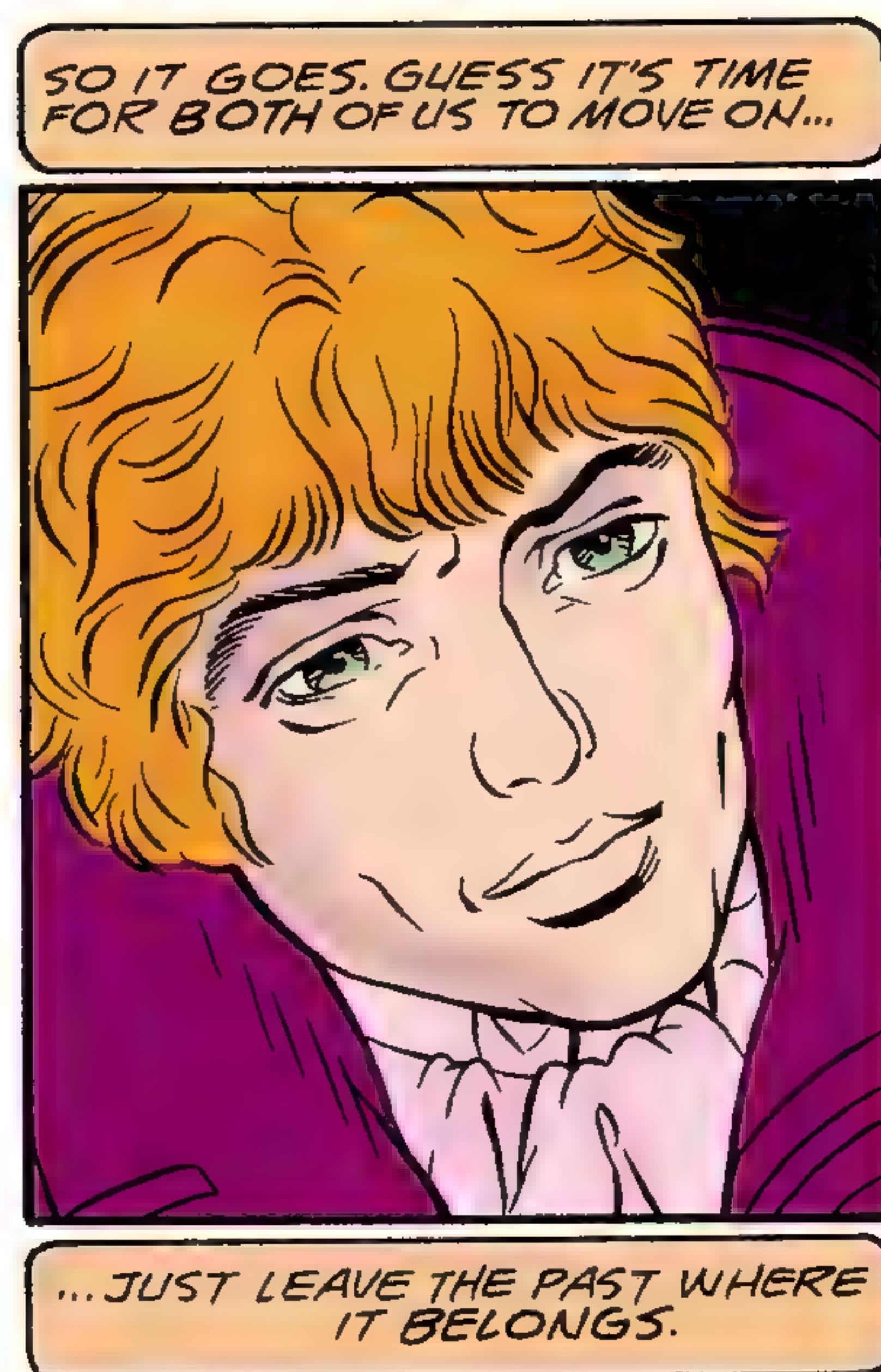
SEAN.

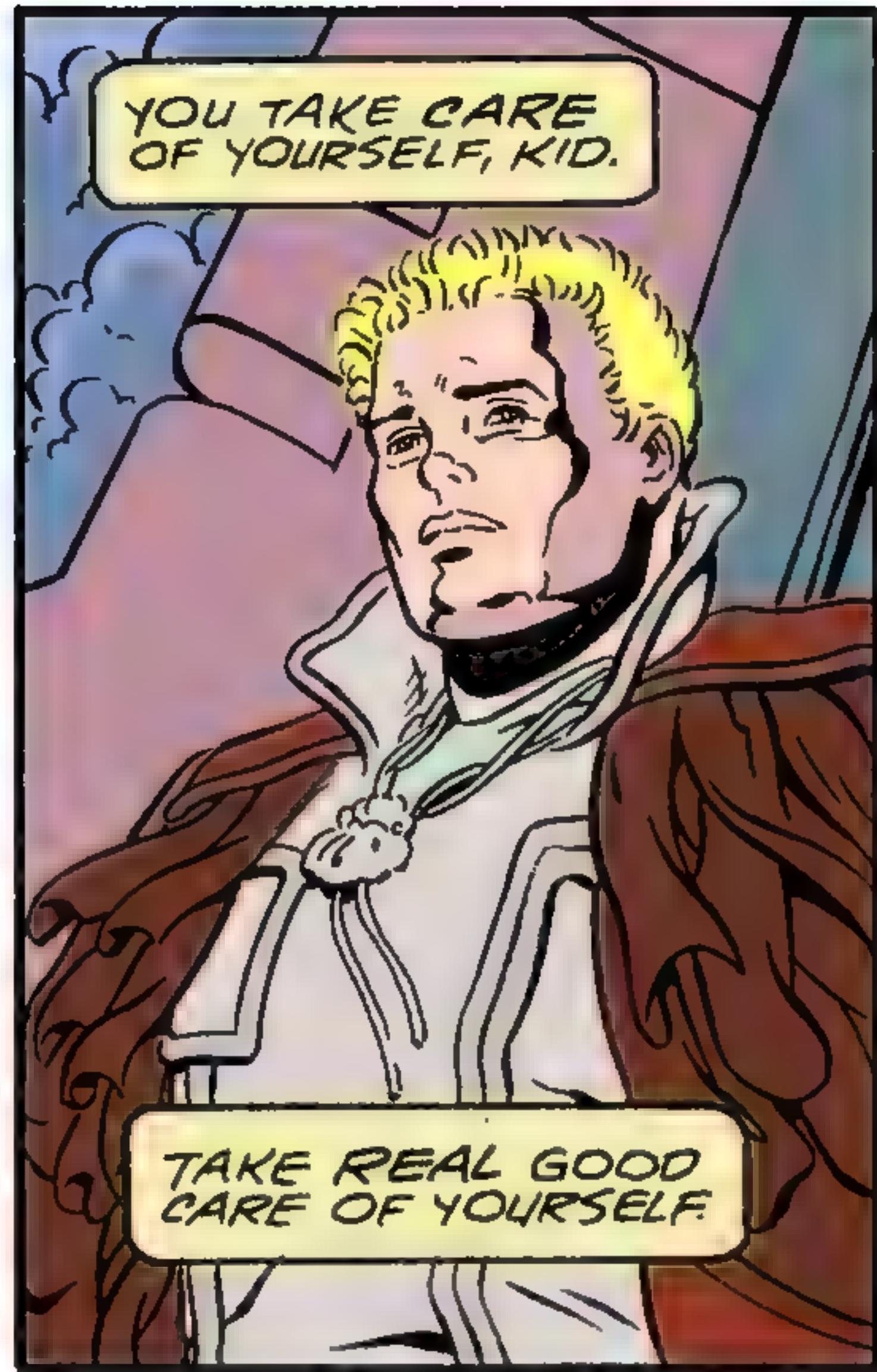
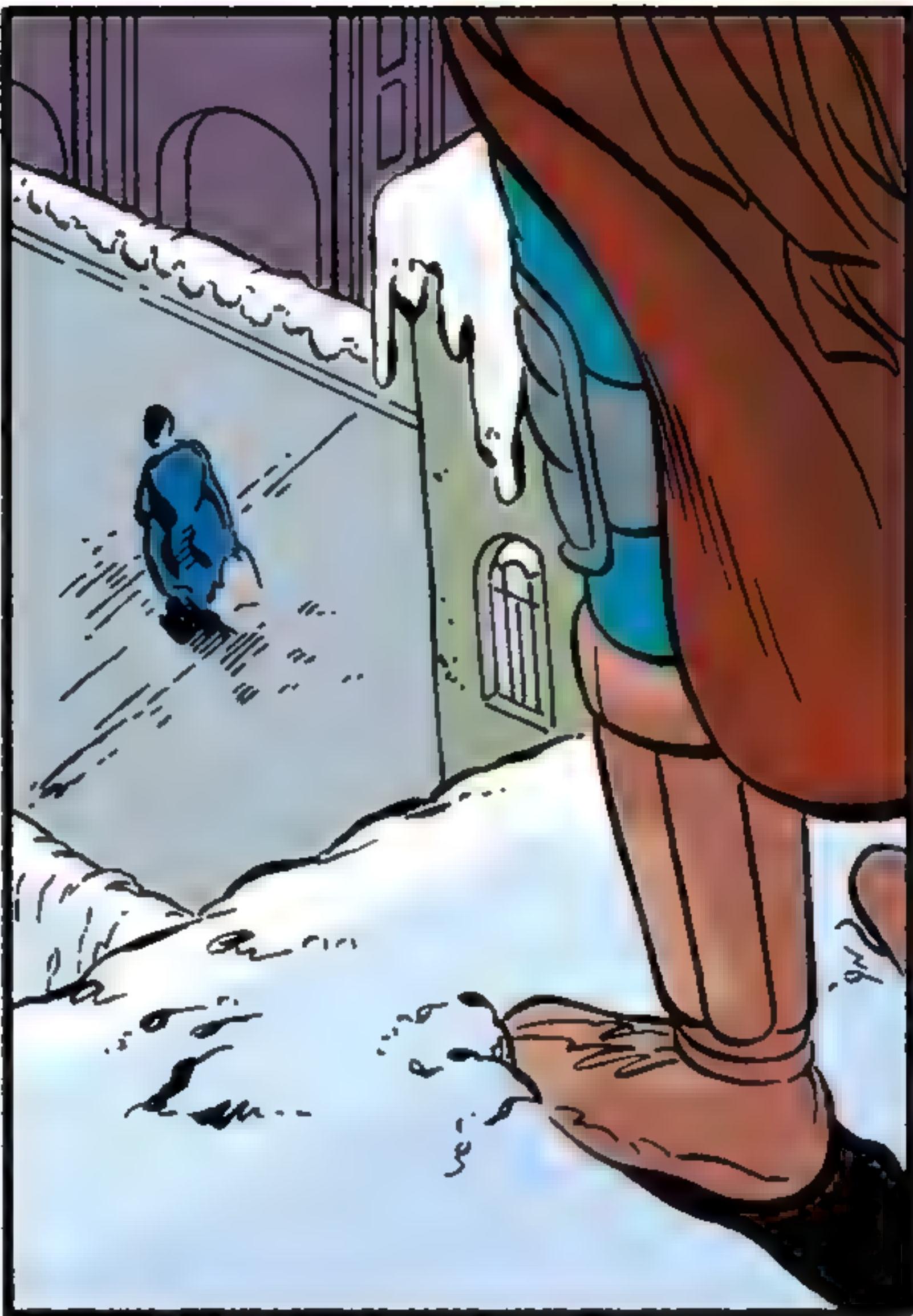


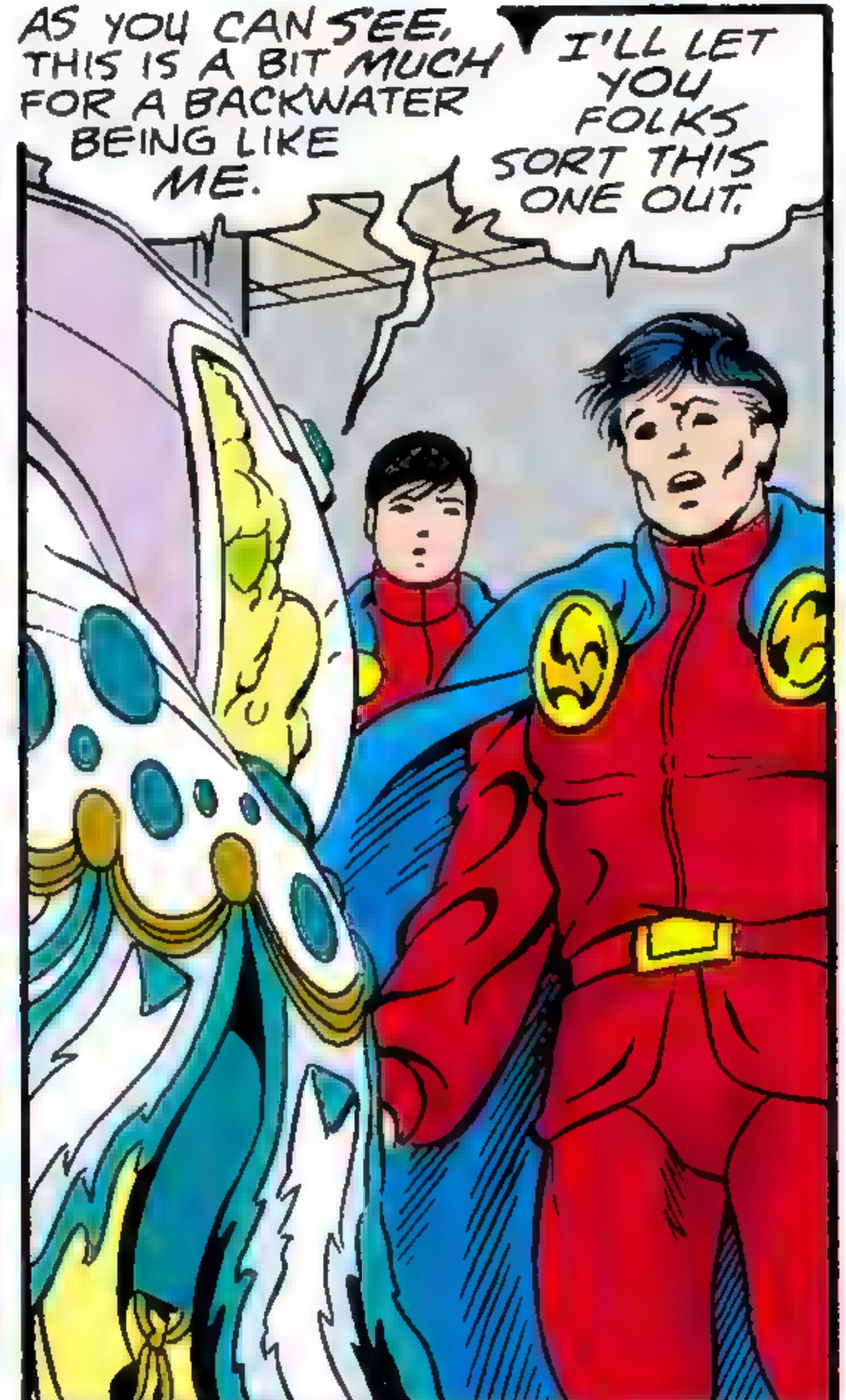
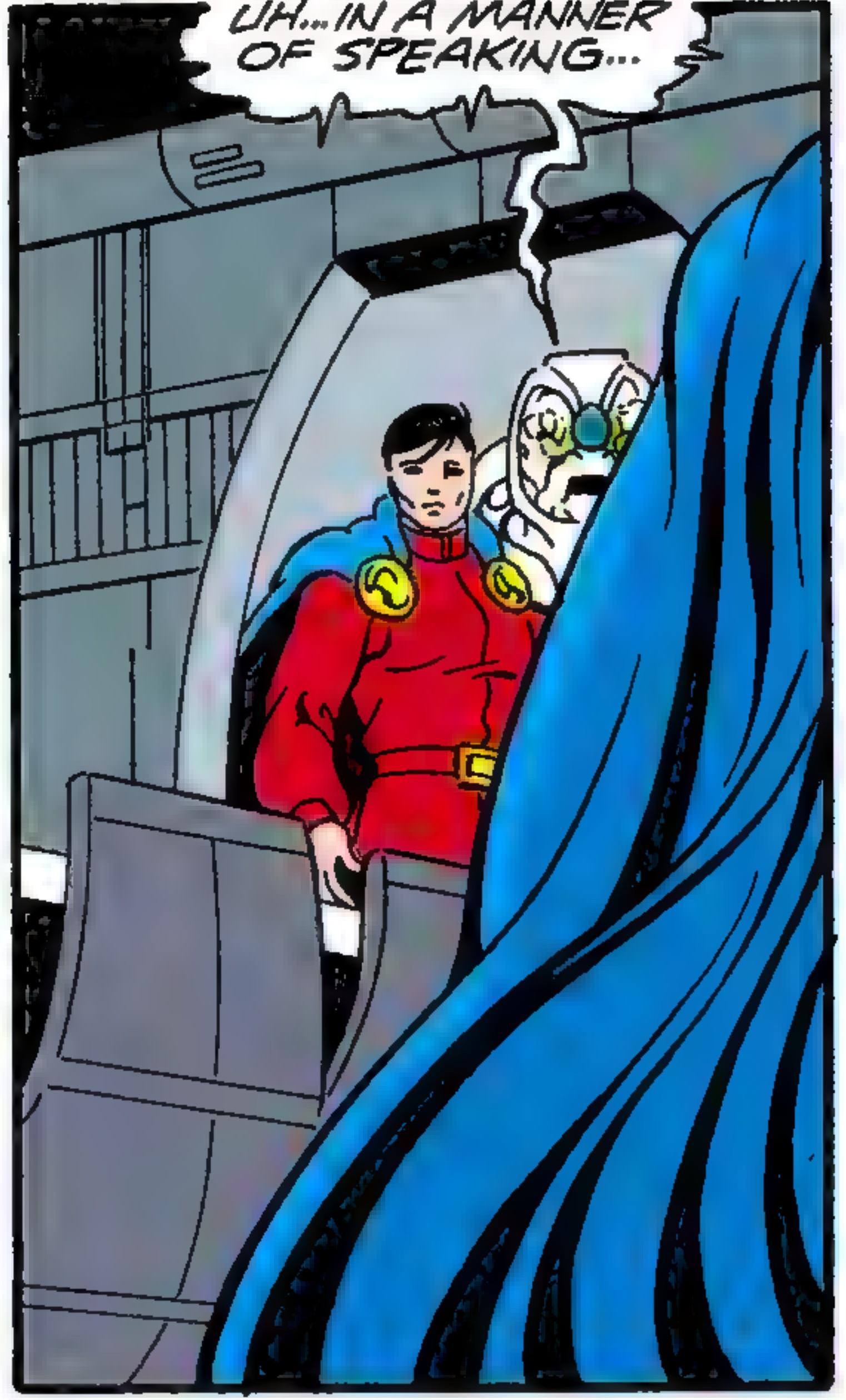
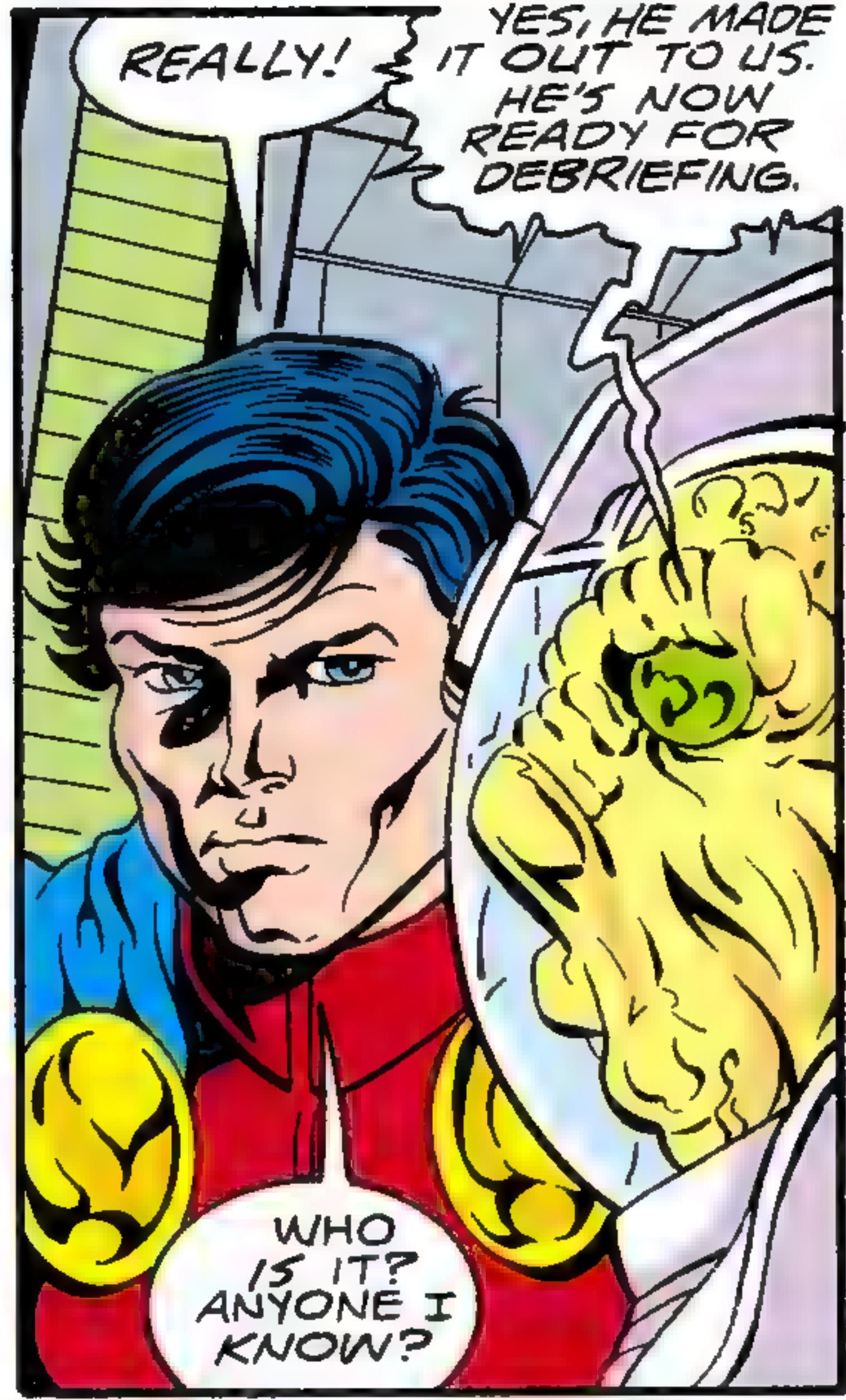












REPORT:
Commercial Opportunities

EARTH

The viable commercial opportunities on planet Earth are currently isolated and extremely limited in nature.

Few advertising, promotional, and marketing channels have survived the world's recent upheavals; only a very select stratum is left with any discretionary income; severe shortages of food and health care have drastically limited opportunities for luxury items; and consumers in general seem preoccupied with the planet's difficulties, greatly undercutting any retail frame of mind.

Boom markets include health care, quarantine technology, and mortician services; however, there is no free-market mechanism to facilitate delivery of these goods and services. And the planet's government channels are currently mired in a hopeless two-tiered bureaucracy, widespread morale problems, and a fiscal uncertainty bordering on crisis.

The most promising strategy would appear to be the creation of a black-market distribution system. Such an approach could generate a gratifying return on investment, assuming some means of delivering goods to the marketplace is developed; however, operation in the planet's currently hostile environment would pose an extreme challenge even for the most aggressive sales representative.

By contrast with the depressed nature of this market, massive resources are being spent outside the planet by agencies, particularly the United Planets, preparing to fight for Earth's liberation. A wide array of military, intelligence, medical, and support goods and services are in high demand. And due to the urgency of their objective, these agencies are willing to pay inflated prices for expeditious delivery to strategic locations.

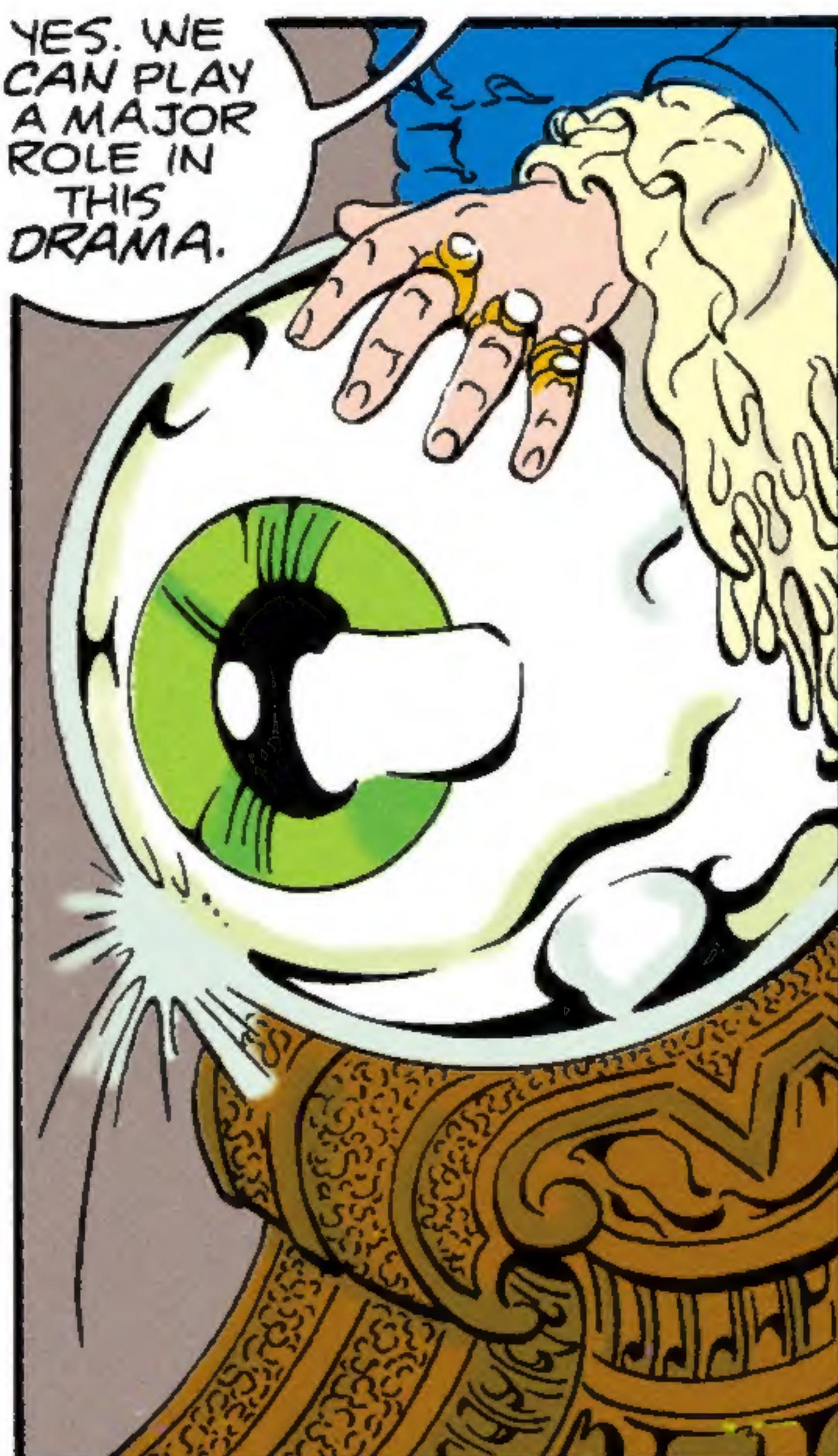
It is therefore the recommendation of this report that we exploit those off-Earth opportunities aggressively, while only very cautiously cherry-picking the most isolated of opportunities on the planet itself.

AH, YOU SET THEM
AMONG THE TREES,
AND STILL THEY
DO NOT SEE THE
FOREST.

YES, WE
CAN PLAY
A MAJOR
ROLE IN
THIS
DRAMA.

END
REPORT

THERE IS BUSINESS
TO BE DONE ON
THIS PATHETIC
WORLD.



KEITH GIFFEN
PLOT & BREAKDOWNS
TOM & MARY BIERBAUM
DIALOGUE & PLOT ASSIST
COLLEEN DORAN
CURT SWAN
GUEST PENCILS
AL GORDON
KARL KESEL
GUEST INKS
JOHN WORKMAN
LETTERS
TOM McCRAW
COLORS
MICHAEL EURY
EDITS

THE TRAGEDY THAT FOREVER HAUNTS LEGIONNAIRE JAN

TEAMMATES FEAR PRESSURE MAY BE TOO GREAT TO BEAR



Lots of fans of the Legion think that Element Lad, a.k.a. Jan Arrah, with his shy smile and beautiful blond locks, is the cutest boy in the Legion. But what few of them know is that Jan will always be haunted by a horrible tragedy that can never be erased from his memory.

Most of us have lost someone very important to us in our lives. Even if it's not immediate family, we know there's nothing sadder in our lives than to be separated by death from someone we love.

So imagine what it was like for the quiet, boyishly handsome Jan, only 12 years old at the time, to have every person he knew—his entire family, all of his relatives, his friends, even his teachers—killed at the same time.

That's what happened to Jan on February 12, 2975. His world of Trom was invaded by the notorious Roxxas the Butcher, a lawless space pirate who had never hesitated to murder anyone who didn't eagerly hand their riches over to him.

Roxxas had heard that everyone on Jan's planet had the power to transmute the elements, and he demanded that they use this power to create wealth and riches for him. The Trommites knew it would be wrong to do it, so they refused. The vicious pirate then ordered his men to slaughter the population.

That was when Jan saw it: his family, his friends, everyone on his world being brutally murdered before his eyes. It was all he could do to jump into a ship and escape before the pirates could murder him too.

But as he fled to Earth, joined the Legion of Super-Heroes and brought Roxxas to justice, Jan was never able to get those horrible images out of his mind. How could he? Everyone he loved and cherished, killed before his very eyes.

Jan's past remains a heavy burden to this day, say his Legion teammates, who wonder how even the heroic Trommite can cope with these kinds of memories. One Legionnaire has been heard to say that they always keep a close, concerned eye on Jan, knowing what he's been through and how hard it must be for him to live with it.

The rest of us can only imagine the nightmares Jan has, the horrible memories, the lost pleasures of growing up with relatives and friends he'll never know, or that special girl he'd sometimes walk to school with, and maybe occasionally hold hands with it.

The demands on a Legionnaire are greater than most of us can ever imagine, but Jan must deal with both them and this great tragedy.

He's been heard to say that one of the things that most makes it possible for him to triumph over this adversity is to know that he has the support and sympathy of all of his fans, and that all of their good wishes combine to give him added strength. We know that Jan will always have that to count on.

These are painful memories for Jan to deal with, but we know he's strong enough to overcome them.

After all, he's our Element Lad!



A Personal Note from
Shvaughn Erin



May 2, 2995

Dear Gigi,

I guess you may never see this, depending on what happens to all of us here on Earth, but I probably owe it to you to at least let you know what's happening. And I'm going through some stuff here that I've just got to get down in some form, and...I don't know...I always could tell you things I couldn't tell anyone else.

Gigi, I've really changed since the last time you saw me. When we meet again—if we ever meet again—you're not going to recognize me. I mean, literally, you're not going to recognize me.

I'm not sure where to begin. Maybe I should introduce myself, because you never really knew me, the real me. I didn't even know the real me.

See, I've been through a lot lately and I'm finally starting to realize I've never really accepted myself for who I was. I was ashamed of the things I wanted. I was afraid people would find out. If my mom and dad knew what was really going on inside me, they'd have had coronaries!

You'll probably think I'm just being a boob again, but you have to remember that my parents come from Duar. Things are a little different there. The women are women and the men better be Men, with a capital "M." It's not the kind of world that encourages you to be different.

Not to change the subject, but you know, it used to drive me crazy how I'd stay up all night studying and you'd go out and party, and I'd be the one to get the C's and you'd be the one to get the A's. It didn't make any sense and it sure as hell didn't seem fair.

No, that isn't really a change of subject. It all ties together. See, I've finally figured it out—you can't be ashamed of what you are and still allow yourself to succeed and be happy. If you're ashamed of yourself, you're always going to find a way to prove to yourself that you're not any good, no matter how hard you think you're trying.

And I guess one of the ways you do that is by deciding you're not going to be happy until you have something that, deep down, you know you'll never have. And brother, was Jan ever that for me.

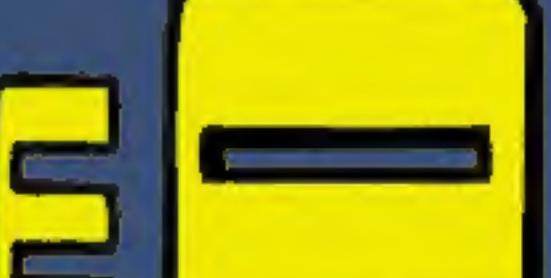
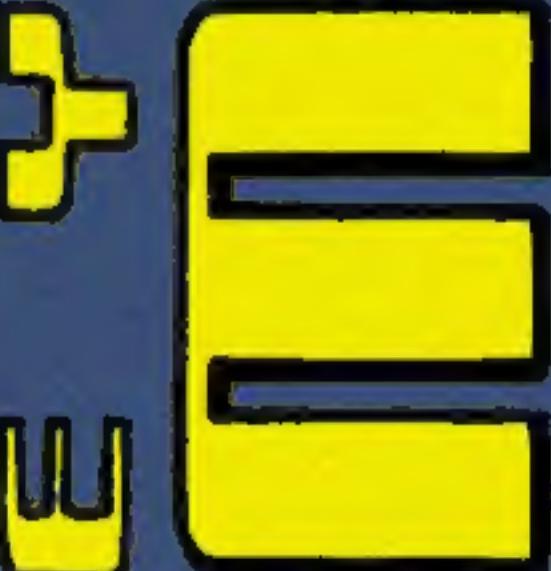
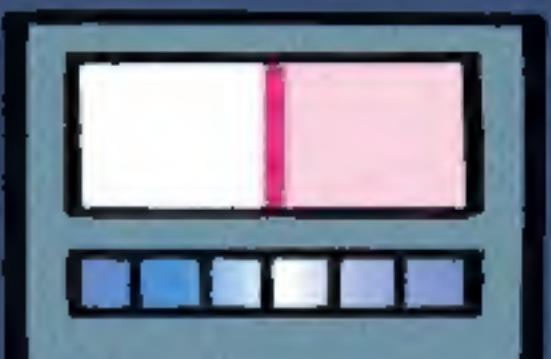
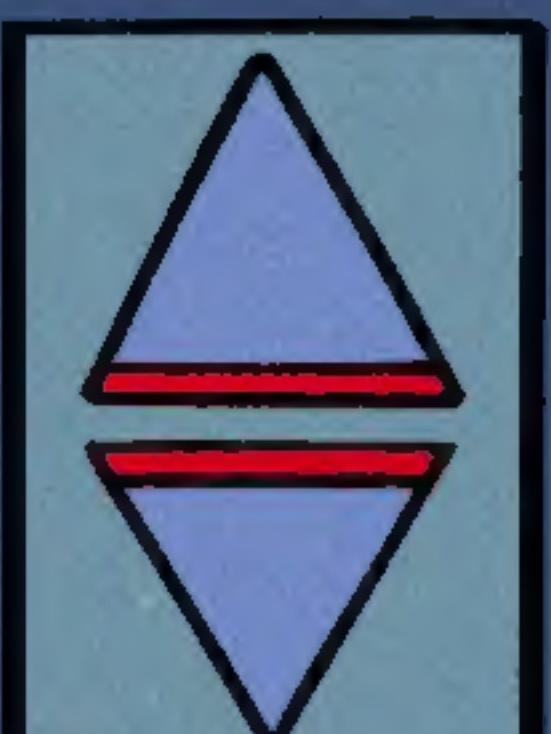
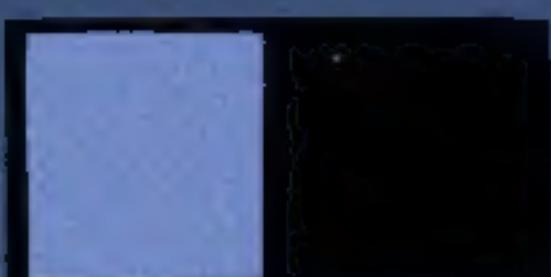
I think I was 14 when I first fell in love with him. I guess we all have those little puppy crushes, but that wasn't good enough for me. I had to keep holding out hope that my dream could really come true. And I guess I was determined to be miserable until it did.

I know, real bright. Only about three billion girls fell in love with him too, but somehow I was going to be the one to steal his heart.

I guess if I'd had any sense, I would've seen from a light year away that he was wrapped up in some very heavy stuff. He wasn't the type of person who could make my problems his problems, or let his problems become my problems.

How different my life might have been if somebody had somehow managed to

(Scroll down for additional text)



A Personal Note from
Shvaughn Erin



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pound that message into my skull in about 2975. But leave it to dumb old me to fall in love with the great spiritual seeker, the solitary man, the hero who handled all his own problems.

And man, did I fall for it. I remember just lying in bed all that summer fantasizing. How Jan would rescue me from my dreary, monotonous life and just make everything perfect. And how I'd be the one person in the universe who could help him cope with all of those horrible memories.

Anyway, I guess I went through some pretty weird stuff between then and when you and I first met as SPs. I never told you, but I ran away from home when I was 15. Thank God I'd skipped a couple of grades and graduated by then, or my life probably would have been ruined right then and there. But you know, I just couldn't take it anymore, trying to be something I wasn't, just to keep my parents from finding out what was really going on inside me.

So I ran away and ended up at a Freebie Commune in Tupelo. That's right, meek little old me, hanging out in THAT crowd. I'm sure you can't imagine it, but like I said, you never did know everything about me.

But before I get into the full story, I just want you to know that all those years we were roomies, I never once thought of you as anything other than a friend and a sister. Make sure that's clear in your mind before you read on.

Anyway, all people talked about at Tupelo were things like Profem and Promen, and a lot of people there were into things like that. If you were having trouble fitting into society the way you were, we have this wonderful technology available to us, so why not use it to really fit in right?

So finally I thought I saw my chance to be comfortable with what I was, and maybe have an actual chance with Jan.

In hindsight, that was the dumbest thing I ever came up with. Just because I couldn't accept myself for who I was, I was so certain Jan would never accept me for who I was. So I guess what I did next was a mistake, a mistake I kept making for the next 18 years.

Gigi, I went to this doctor in Sanangeleopolis and started taking Profem back there in 2977. And I kept taking Profem right until the Dominators started coming after me here. Once I went underground, there wasn't any way to keep getting it. The Dominators are making it extremely tough for anyone to obtain any kind of drugs through unofficial channels. But they consider things like Profem and Promen to be immoral and downright blasphemous, so there might not even be any left on this entire globe.

It was pretty awful. My time of the month was coming up and I knew I wasn't going to get my dose, and suddenly Jan shows up to aid the underground, and if you think this was hard to tell to you or to tell myself, it felt like I was going to die before I could tell Jan.

(Scroll down for additional text)

